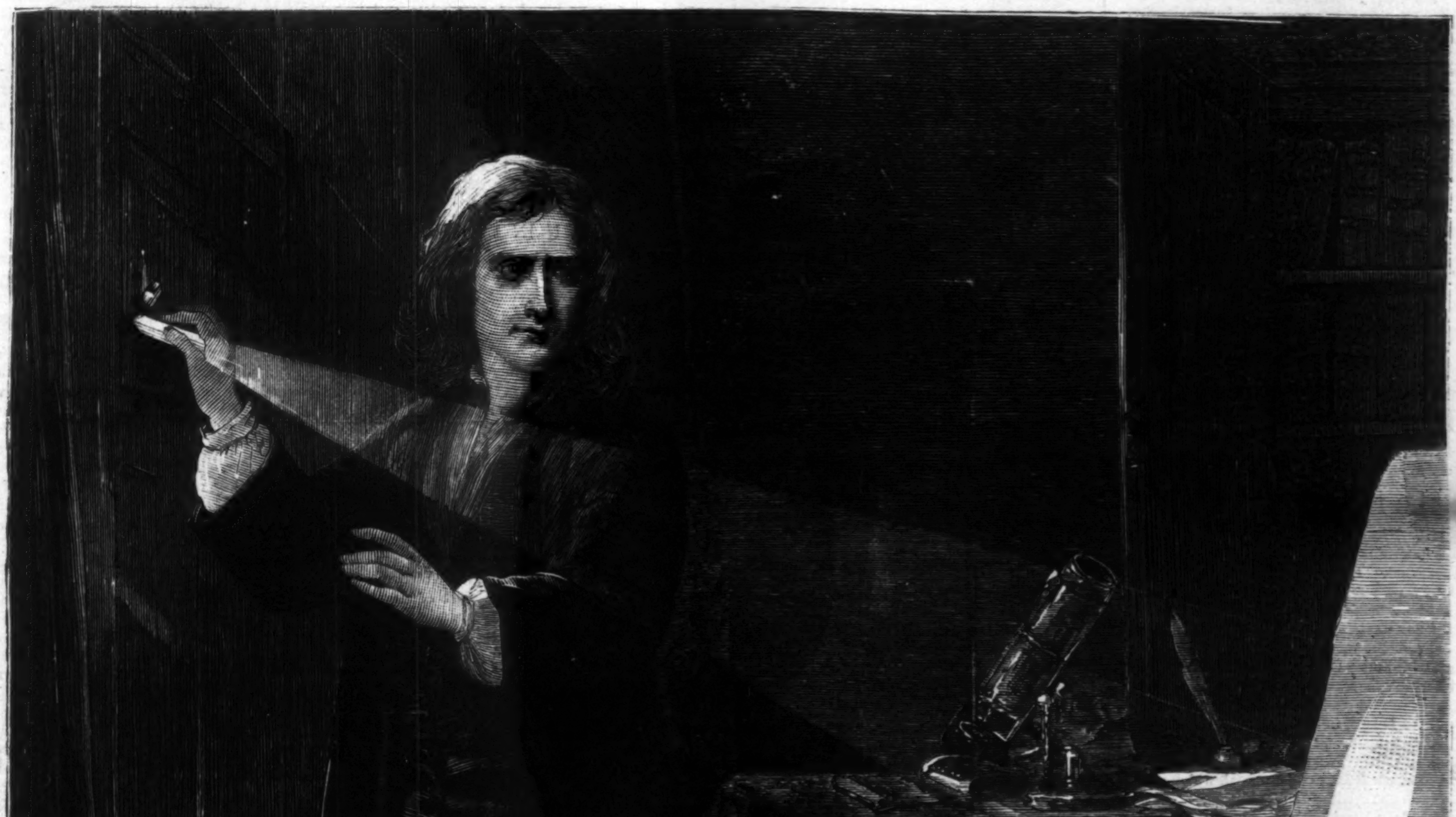
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XIV.—No. 705.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1870. [SINGLE COPIES, TEN CENTS.
$4.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1870, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.



NEWTON EXPERIMENTING WITH LIGHT.—From a Painting by J. A. Houston.—[See Page 423.]

BROKEN OFF.

Men said unto a prince of story-tellers,
"Tell us another tale!"
And yet, beside the bells, stood phantom kneellers,
And his voice was fit to fail.

At first he faltered, saying, "I am weary,
And the words are slow to come.
Across my ken flit visions dim and eerie,
And 'tis sweet to keep at home!"

But the clamor rose, by many voices strengthened;
And one voice in his heart
Grew louder as the spring-tide shadows lengthened:
"Ah! 'tis dull to sit apart!

"Be prouder than to wait with fingers folded,
Scared, looking out for death;
Drop not the habit which thy life hath moulded
But with thy lease of breath!"

He passed his hand across his heavy forehead,
And then across his eyes;
Before him rose a spectre, dim and horrid,
With terrible replies:

"The name by which men name me, while they shiver,
It is Swiftly Certain Death:
Leave all thy latest arrows in their quiver,
Or 'gage to me thy breath!"

Ah me! this prince of worthy story-tellers
Stood sad beneath the sun;
For he could see where stood the phantom kneellers—
But the story was begun!

Some said: "It is his story of all stories;"
And others: "Lo! he fails!
His later can not match his earlier glories—
He falters and he pales!"

But men pressed round him, eagerly, to listen;
And all else was forgot.
He coaxed the smile to shine, the tear to glisten;
And then—his voice was not!

The tale was but begun—the web half woven—
The colors scarcely mixed—
The cunning of his hand was not yet proven—
His intent hardly fixed.

For the dark comrade who walked with his walking
Laid lightly on his lip
A cold forefinger—and he ceased from talking—
Suddenly—without slip.

Ah! still lips locked on the mysterious story!
Ah! hand that can not hold
The pen by which he earned his meed of glory—
He's dead! and 'tis not told!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, July 2, 1870.

THE PRESIDENT AND CUBA.

THE President's Cuban message probably determined the action of the House upon the subject. Both the majority and minority reports were set aside. Cuba was not recognized as a belligerent, and the neutrality laws were not changed in favor of the island; but the President was instructed to use his influence with both parties to moderate the ferocity with which the war is waged. Yet, but for the very plain and positive statement of the message, the House, in its present condition of general indifference, and mindful of the tradition of manifest destiny, would very possibly have supported General Banks's proposal, which is conceived in the spirit of that tradition. The propriety of the President's conduct in sending the message has been questioned. But nothing is plainer than the constitutional power and duty of an executive communication upon public affairs to Congress, "as he shall judge necessary and expedient." And the perfect vindication of the President's course upon this occasion lies in the fact that it undoubtedly produced the result which the best judgment of the country approves, and which was otherwise very doubtful.

The ground taken by the President is that which has been maintained by all those who have opposed the interference of the United States. Belligerence is a question of fact, not of sentiment. Long and fierce fighting is not necessarily war. Before belligerence could be honorably conceded to the Cubans there must be a situation there which does not exist; and the Monroe doctrine is not a declaration that when a colony declares its independence, and fights for it, it shall be recognized as a belligerent, but only when "the movement assumed such a steady and consistent form as to make the success of the provinces probable." General Banks claims that there is both a civil war in the international sense, and an organized civil government acknowledged by two-thirds of the Cubans, and operative over three-quarters of the island. But those facts are very shadowy. The President says that he can not ascertain that the government, as it is called, extends beyond the camp and the armed lines. And has any one who has diligently studied the reports from the island, and who is uncommitted to any thing but the truth, been able to reach any other conclusion? General Butler applied the *reductio ad absurdum* to General Banks's report, by showing that if its statement of the duration of the rebellion and of the number of "principal battles"—which General Banks placed at two hundred—were correct, there had been a "principal battle" every four or five days.

General Banks and General Logan, in their ardent appeals, declared that we were guilty of the slaughter of Cubans, and of the sacrifice of liberty in America, if we do not interfere. They are mistaken. The United States are no more responsible for the crimes of the Spanish Valmaseda than for those of the Cuban Quesada; nor are they morally bound to undertake the righting of wrongs in Cuba more than in other countries. It is not necessary to exaggerate, and General Butler very truly said that no subject had ever been more signally mismanaged by its especial friends than the cause of Cuba. The American people are generous in their sympathies; but they deeply respect their own well-considered laws and their international duties. The effort of any oppressed people to break the yoke of tyranny appeals strongly to the conviction of this country that governments are justly founded in the consent of the governed; but the country does not therefore feel it to be its duty to take an active part in every such movement. We are not a sentimental people. And when General Banks says, in his report, that "the prayers" of the people of this country for the success of the Cubans "are well-nigh universal," his statement is so conspicuously extravagant that it invests the whole report, which is written in that key, with an air of utter exaggeration.

The simple truth is, that the people of this country are conscious that they know very little of the Cuban facts, and they wish to adhere to the honorable traditions of the government in foreign affairs. They wish well to the Cubans; but we doubt whether they believe the oppression of the old government in Spain justified a revolution against a movement that overthrew it in the interests of liberty and progress. We doubt very much whether there is any general faith in this country in the ability of the Cubans to maintain a popular system. Meanwhile it is known that the Cuban revolutionary leaders have declared for annexation to the Union, and it is by no means self-evident that it is for the interest of liberty, or of this country, to enlarge our population at the present time with nearly two millions of a tropical people, many of them utter barbarians; "two hundred thousand," as General Banks says in his report, speaking "only the languages of the tribes of Africa."

These are considerations which do not, of course, affect the justice of the Cuban revolt; but they very seriously affect the feeling with which it is regarded. And whenever that revolt assumes "such a steady and consistent form" as to make its success probable, it will be the duty of the Executive to recognize it. But atrocities on both sides, a smouldering guerrilla warfare, an intangible revolutionary government, the absence of all the usual forms of war, a revolutionary decree of emancipation, mysterious dealings in Cuban bonds, absurd aspersions of the character of the Secretary of State, and ribald sneers at the President, do not establish that actual state of affairs in Cuba without which the interference of the United States—and General Banks's resolutions involved nothing less—would be both a blunder and a crime. The intelligence and good sense of the country have spoken in the President's message.

"FOURTH OF JULY BUSINESS."

General Butler made a speech during the Cuban debate in which he said, that if he were asked whether he were in favor of a war with Spain, he should answer, "as a Fourth of July business," yes; but as a statesman, no. It is a good distinction, and it would be of very great service if honorable gentlemen would announce, when they begin to speak, how they are to be understood. If General Banks, for instance, should say, "Mr. Speaker, I rise this morning to transact a little Fourth of July business," there would be a very general understanding, and his "effort" might be very much relished from the Fourth of July point of view. Or if General Logan, upon being questioned as to certain statements, or an apparent hostility to the Administration, should briefly say, "Mr. Speaker, I would observe to the gentleman that my remarks were merely part of the Fourth of July business upon which I was then engaged," there would be the utmost harmony and mutual intelligence. Imagination can readily picture the honorable inquirer as remarking with a smile, "Oh!" and resuming his seat with entire satisfaction.

So, also, one honorable gentleman might courteously interrupt another by asking, "I beg the gentleman's pardon; but I should like to inquire if this is meant for serious argument, or is merely Fourth of July business?" The only inconvenience would be the necessity of constant interruption for the purpose of such an inquiry. This might, however, be obviated by a standing order, that every Saturday should be given up to Fourth of July business. Or, indeed, if two days in the week were surrendered for that purpose, and such business were rigorously excluded upon all other days, there would be an immense gain to the public service and the public patience. Any member might rise to a point of order, and call Mr. Speaker's attention to the fact that the honorable gentleman was lapsing into the Fourth of July business, upon which the Speaker would pleasantly beg gentlemen to remember that Fourth of July came but twice a week.

General Butler's remark suggests the enormous quantity of Fourth of July business that is done in Congress and in the press. It is business which proceeds upon the assumption that the nation is a great, ignorant, prejudiced boy, whose sole delight is to boast and bluster. The honorable gentleman who states an undeniable truth with a sinister intention, and begins, solemnly, "The American people, Mr. Speaker, are the only rightful source of power," is a wholesale dealer in Fourth of July business. Contemptuous reference to England as a power which, in the interests of human liberty, Sir, must be humbled, Sir, humbled—is unmitigated Fourth of July business. Cooper Institute meetings, just before election, to declare with vehemence that Ireland is for the Irish, and that every ardent soul burns to stand with the men in the gap, is the most conventional of all Fourth of July business. The assertion that free republican America disdains to learn any thing in the details of administration from the systems practiced in the effete monarchies of the Old World, is Fourth of July business. Indeed, the general declaration that we have proved our strength and that we are big enough to do as we are dashed pleased to do, and that a lively hurrah is conclusive proof of the wisdom and honor of any proposition, is the most common and contemptible Fourth of July business.

Whatever is done to please the vast constituency of Buncombe is Fourth of July business. But let us hope that our national meditations next week may show us that not these things, but noble and honorable statesmanship, is the real Fourth of July business that we ought always to have in hand.

GENTLEMEN IN MITRES.

In these long, warm days the incessant announcement from Rome that the declaration of infallibility is coming becomes at last as unheeded as the warning of the coming wolf. Public interest grows so languid as almost to expire, and it is probably not very generally understood even now whether the dogma has been declared or not. "There is something so preposterous," said a very genuine American, as he was speaking of the Roman Council, "in a few men, in cocked hats and red stockings, solemnly declaring another man to be infallible upon any subject whatever, that it would be inexpressibly ridiculous if it were not really sad." But the essential folly of declarations is not so much the important point as their sincerity and the readiness of those who make them to support them at all hazards. What more amusing conceit is there than the divine right of kings, yet what was more real than the sentiment of loyalty? *O Richard! O mon roi!* How gladly men have suffered and died for a man in no manner wiser or better than themselves, merely because they chose to take a certain view of him? Think of the splendid eulogies of Edmund Burke upon the British monarchy, and of poor old George the Third as the English monarch! "Your Majesty's self is but a ceremony," said the minister to the French king. But what a ceremony! Take off his peruke and robes, said Thackeray, and what a sorry remainder! But the more ridiculous the remainder, the more remarkable the undoubted fact that Frenchmen agreed to honor him and even reverence him as king.

So with the Pope. When a few scores of very fallible gentlemen called bishops put on certain queer caps of bedizened pasteboard or colored muslin called mitres, and assembling in a magnificent temple amidst the prodigious pomp of music and chanted prayers, declare that the word of another very fallible gentleman with a triple crown upon his head shall settle the truth or falsity of any religious doctrine, the important fact is not that the proceeding is excessivly amusing, but that millions of men and women gravely acquiesce in it, and will govern themselves accordingly, even if they must plunge their countries into the horror of war, or deliver their best beloved to the flames. No human being, of course, can, in any just sense of the words, believe what does not seem to him to be true; and to believe what seems to him untrue, because somebody else says that it seems true to him, is impossible. But the dogma of infallibility is not a matter of reason, and therefore it is useless to reason upon its absurdity. It is not accepted because it is reasonable. It will not be acted upon because it is reasonable. Its supporters would doubtless tell us that it transcends reason. What we wish to know, therefore, is how it will affect civilization.

Practically, although the Council attempts to define and limit the dogma, the great mass of the adherents of the Roman Church will, of course, understand it as an assertion of general infallibility. They consider religion the most vital of interests, and hold that religion and Romanism are identical. The man who is the earthly head of the Church, being infallible, will be to them essentially divine. They will not discriminate his papal from his personal attributes. And as he is an earthly ruler as well as a heavenly leader, they would, in the degree that they are sincere, inevitably and naturally hold with him in any quarrel, even with the rulers or the authorities of their own countries. It was this feeling, and nothing else, which enabled Hildebrand and the other Popes to declare and to maintain their supremacy over kings and emperors, to dethrone them, to degrade them, and practically to establish the principle that the Pope could release subjects from their allegiance. Dante's treatise upon Monarchy was condemned as heretical because he asserted that the Emperor held by divine right, and not by permission of the Pope.

It is as a return to this ancient claim of the Roman Church at a time when it dominated Christendom that the declaration of Infallibility is interesting. It is the sign of a tendency to concentrate and intensify a power which had become relaxed. That power, indeed, is not likely to act in the old manner, but its purpose and its spirit are necessarily unchanged. It will hardly declare the English people released from their allegiance to the Queen, but it is not altogether unlikely to urge, with polished and plausible and deprecatory arguments, that the school money be divided in the United States. In so doing the papal power will be seeking its own supremacy, and those who work its will will be, at heart and essentially, not Americans, but obedient to a foreign and alien authority. It is in this way that the declaration of the three or four hundred gentlemen in mitres that one of their number is God on earth becomes important to those who must necessarily smile as they recall the words of a shrewd author: "The Court of Rome was not speedily alarmed at these freedoms. She reposed with a generous confidence upon the folly and blindness of mankind."

MR. HOAR'S RETIREMENT.

The retirement of Attorney-General Hoar is a national loss. His ability, his character, and his experience were of the utmost service to the Administration, and commended it most warmly to the confidence of the country. Not much known beyond his own State when he was appointed, Mr. Hoar leaves his office with the general conviction that his qualities are precisely those which can be least spared at Washington. His political convictions are profound. They partake of the depth and force of his character. But his sagacity and good sense are not less remarkable; and he clearly sees the point where party properly merges in patriotism. He has steadily refused to favor a system of the civil service which, while of doubtful partisan expediency, is a sure calamity to the country. Capacity, experience, fidelity, and loyalty have seemed to him proper qualifications for the management of internal affairs; and an honest independence of Buncombe, and an honorable regard for wise precedent and international justice, the best principles of foreign policy.

Personally, his retirement must be very unwelcome to the President, as, indeed, he intimates. There are evident points of strong sympathy between them. The phrase, "a rock of sense," well describes the late Attorney-General; and the value of such a foundation in public administration no one can appreciate more truly than General Grant. Mr. Hoar's successor is little known; but Mr. Hoar's own case has shown us that that is not a serious misfortune. We can only wish for him the lofty integrity, ability, and independence of his predecessor; and that when he withdraws it may be with the same general feeling of grateful respect and sincere regret that attends the retirement of Mr. Hoar from the Cabinet.

FOREIGN DEMAND FOR OUR BREADSTUFFS.

The concurrence of a Continental demand for our breadstuffs simultaneously with that from Great Britain is likely to prove of much benefit to the United States. No. 2 Milwaukee wheat, which on the 20th of May was quoted at $1 06 per bushel, had advanced on the 15th of June to $1 85. This may be taken as a fair indication of the general improvement. Very large transactions on French account had occurred, due to the extreme drought prevailing in important agricultural districts. The telegram that cattle were dying for want of pasturage and water may be an exaggeration; but as the soil, to a great extent, is a sandy loam, the effects of want of rain are much more serious in France than in England, where the subsoil is clayey. On the 16th a private telegram stated that flour had risen in Paris about $1 per barrel.

It is impossible to arrive with precision at the full extent of the foreign demand which may arise, as the United States are not supplied with information except through foreign sources. For the want of it, obtained through our consular establishment in the mode often indicated by us, our large grain-producing interest is ever at the mercy of the foreign purchaser. Lately the price at which our grain has been sold has been unremunerative. We sincerely hope that the tide has turned, and that it may not be necessary to make farther sacrifices. In presenting all the information within our reach, it should be borne in mind that the most powerful efforts will be made to check the advance by all the means which the combined interests of the English and the French may employ. After the drought in England of 1868 the *Daily News* stated that there existed "a *political* necessity for cheap bread." This is equally true of France. The large purchases to and including the 16th June were supposed to have been on account of the French Government.

The returns of exports of wheat to Europe for the week ending on the 14th of June indicate that the causes which are operating in France are not confined to that locality. The quantities exported at New York, as stated from the Custom-house returns, are as follows: Hamburg, 7060 bushels; Bremen, 10,812; Havre, 79,169; Liverpool, 180,153; London, 48,500; Glasgow, 111,782; Gloucester, 19,543; Plenarth Roads, 22,496; Cork, 127,553; Lisbon, 17,096. The exports of wheat from the United States for the eight months of the fiscal year, which terminated on the 28th of February last, amounted to 28,272,219 bushels, as against 8,858,329 for the corresponding period in 1869. Its value is stated at $36,465,294, as against $15,334,152 for the like period in 1869. The loss on corn and meal was $4,913,405; but the gain on the value of flour exported was about $2,500,000. As this export is largely in excess of what is usual, the question arises to what extent it will continue.

The estimated annual consumption of wheat in Great Britain, made by Mr. Caird in the spring of 1868, was one hundred and sixty-six millions four hundred thousand bushels, of which he supposed that seventy-six millions eight hundred thousand bushels would need to be imported. By the returns of the imports to the 28th of May last it appeared that the following quantities of grain and flour had been imported into the United Kingdom since the 1st of September:

	1869–1870.		1868–1869.	
	Imports.	Exports.	Imports.	Exports.
Wheat........	30,485,875	262,024	20,762,906	151,221
Barley........	6,170,765	21,007	8,150,326	99,800
Oats..........	7,596,999	86,304	4,501,402	99,601
Pease.........	1,108,428	11,913	890,938	23,175
Beans........	1,379,858	2,263	2,047,709	4,453
Indian corn..	13,732,529	14,044	10,108,215	940
Flour.........	4,758,292	18,809	2,927,556	26,057

These imports, which are stated in hundredweights, show a gain over those of 1869; but it would seem that the import for the present grain year will much exceed the quantity estimated by Mr. Caird in 1868. The *Manchester Guardian*, of the 31st of May, considered high authority in England, presents the following views as to the present condition of the crops:

> "Continued dry weather has had the effect of enhancing the price of wheat throughout the country, during the last few days, to the extent of 1s. to 2s. per quarter, and a similar advance has been established at Mark Lane to-day. It has been maintained by some that, inasmuch as one of the most abundant crops on record was secured in 1868 after a period of unusual drought, a similar result is not improbable now. The drought of 1870 and that of 1868, however, are widely different; and while the one contributed to abundance, the other may lead to scarcity. The dry weather which prevailed during the two or three months before harvest in 1868 commenced at a time when the wheat plant was nearly fully developed, and when the signs of a crop were very decided. The blooming period had been satisfactorily passed, after which wheat, if sown under favorable circumstances, is capable of sustaining, and, indeed, of thriving under, protracted drought and heat. The drought of the present year commenced at a period immediately succeeding spring sowing, and consequently all spring-sown grain stands but a poor chance of yielding well. In some districts spring wheat has proved a failure, and the land has been resown with other crops. As regards winter wheat the prospect is good; but it is thought that, if a copious fall of rain is delayed, the prospect even here will be discouraging. The season, however, is expected to be very backward, and a very light crop of hay is anticipated. This, with the probability of a deficiency in the yield of spring corn in this country, will necessitate larger purchases abroad of barley, oats, beans, and pease, and at a higher price. The last report published by the Agricultural Department at Washington, in reference to the growing crop, states that, so far as winter wheat and rye are concerned, the prevalence of cold winds appeared to have done much harm; but it was remarked that, on the whole, the crops in question looked vigorous; and it was expected that the influence of a genial spring would render the prospect comparatively promising. In New England the winter grain which was sown was doing well, though the frost had visited, with unfortunate results, some of the northern counties of Maine and New Hampshire. In more than one-half of the counties of New York the reports are favorable, and the same is the case with New Jersey. In Pennsylvania the growth is more backward. From Delaware and Maryland some damage is reported; but in the Southern States more than an average crop is looked forward to. In Kentucky the harvest promises to be much larger than usual. Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois report the growth as below the average in the majority of counties; but some of the other Western States expect about an average crop. On the whole, the return is regarded as satisfactory; but it would seem to be evident that there is very little prospect of so abundant a crop as in 1869. The crop of wheat in California is expected to be about three-fourths of that secured in 1869."

The particularity with which the article refers to States which produce no wheat for export, and the manner in which it dismisses the great wheat region, show a want of attention; but it affords some evidence that at present the United States are relied upon to furnish their needed supplies.

The San Francisco *News-Letter* of May 28 states that accounts from all parts of the State, where the crop was not utterly ruined by the hot spell which terminated May 7, "indicate a great improvement in the appearance of the young wheat," that the cool weather of the last three weeks had revived much of the grain which appeared ruined, and that many fields which the owners expected to cut for hay would produce grain. The price of choice lots, which on the 29th of April was $1 62½ per quintal, was then, however, $1 80 to $1 90 per quintal. It had been as high as $1 90 to $2. These prices make it an object to foreigners to deal rather with New York at present.

The indications are that a demand will continue up to the harvest of 1870 for our breadstuffs; but a portion of the grain purchased on French account has already been resold, owing either to more favorable advices from France, or to the object of affecting our market injuriously.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

By JOHN JONES, A.M.

The Exhibition will close by the time this paper is issued, I believe; and I must therefore omit the many admirable and apposite remarks that I had proposed to make upon other pictures. But I suppose it is of no consequence. When I was younger and only beginning to exhibit, if some Red Cloud or Spotted Tail of a critic came whooping down upon me in a newspaper, I instantly gave up all for lost, and awaited extinction. But I presently opened my eyes gradually, and perceived that things remained very much as they were. People didn't look at me in the street as the hapless painter who had been annihilated that morning, and the waiters at the humble restaurant whither I went to dine did not seem to be conscious that I was the incapable described in the newspaper, with subtle satire, as evidently mistaking his vocation and endeavoring to paint portraits instead of signs. I plucked up heart. I said to myself, "Perhaps, after all, every body doesn't read the assaults in the paper, and perhaps those who do don't remember them two minutes afterward."

That was an immense consolation; and when, in later days, I have remonstrated with my fellow-academicians for their exceeding wrath at the gibes of the *Tribune*, and they have said to me that every body in the country read the *Tribune*, and believed every thing in it, because they supposed that Mr. Greeley, who knew every thing, wrote the whole paper, I have endeavored to comfort them by telling them that I didn't believe one in a hundred ever read the attacks or remembered their names. And it is remarkable that when I said that, my fellow-academicians did not seem to be in the least degree comforted. I believe it, nevertheless.

Of course persistent attacks in a newspaper upon any man of any profession will at last tell. Nor do I deny that if on the day of the publication of a new book the *Tribune*, or any other powerful daily paper, should declare it to be utterly worthless, the sale of the book would be affected, unless it were a controversial work. In that case the critic would merely be supposed to be on the other side. But very few who read notices of pictures remember what they have read when they come to the gallery. And as for those who read and do not see, if they find, for instance, that the pictures of John Jones, A.M., N.A., are always described as pitiful and ridiculous, they will undoubtedly fail to think of him as they do of Titian or Raphael, whose works, also, they have never seen. The greater pity for them, of course, in the impossible case supposed; but what I wish to impress upon my fellow-artists is, that the sharp or sneering mention of their pictures in the papers does not do half as much damage as they suppose. I have often seen persons in society made very conscious because they fancied that other people were looking at them. Far from it. Other people were thinking that every body was looking at them.

So I am constrained to say that I fear my remarks have added very little lustre to the laurels of those whom I have praised, and that those whom I might have censured would not have forfeited any admiration, even had I had time to try my pen upon them. But as authors say in their prefaces that their purpose will have been fulfilled if they are happy enough to quicken a single drooping heart, so I may most truly declare that I shall be entirely satisfied if I have shown that pictures may be talked about in a kindly spirit, even if without knowledge, and without making the remarks an occasion to display the writer's wit. That I have entirely avoided the latter sad result the most hostile of my readers will agree. But, although the Academy closes its doors, I do not promise to be silent until the next year, if I see any thing in the world of art to which I wish to call attention.

RIGHTS OF RAILWAY PASSENGERS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

It is some encouragement to those whose business compels them to travel on railways that they find a strong and outspoken champion of their wrongs in your paper. As you have stated, the power of railway officials in this country is autocratic, not so much from any special legal rights or immunities pertaining to them as from the abject submission of passengers. Nine out of ten of railway travelers are ignorant of their rights, or, knowing, dare not maintain them. It is farcical to attempt legal measures in most cases of wrong, for if there be tenable ground for action the wronged parties usually live at a distance from the head-quarters of the company; and if any hearing is had, or decision given in favor of the outraged passenger, the company's lawyer lends himself to all sorts of legal evasions and quibbles to defraud the passenger of his verdict after it is rendered. Railway lawyers seem to be retained not so much for their knowledge of law and right, as their ability to shuffle and dodge and evade the honest issue when it is fairly made.

In the matter of commutation tickets the system now in vogue on many roads is to issue a coupon book for a certain number of rides at a certain price. This is right and proper so far as it goes, but mark the evasion of the contract. If for any reason, illness, absence, or other cause, parties are unable to use the tickets before the time expires, the company ignores all the coupons unused, and declares them worthless, notwithstanding they have been paid for. Of course the company's lawyer would declare this to be perfectly lawful and proper, because the commuter buys the ticket with full knowledge beforehand; but I maintain that it is not lawful either in law or common equity. The books represent a certain number of rides which have been paid for in advance, to be used within a certain time; but this "certain time" clause is the point which gives the company the advantage and wrongs the passenger, for the reason that *he can not buy a commutation ticket on any other terms or agreement.* Where, then, is the justice of the contract? The commuter buys the ticket at his own risk, because he can not buy it in any other way, and the company do not fulfill *their* contract—in the spirit at least—for they receive values for which they render no equivalent. If they honestly desired to give value for value, why do they not sell package tickets good until used at the rate of commutation?

The gist of this question of the rights and wrongs of railway passengers is simpler than many suppose. It is a matter of individual responsibility. The business of the road is carried on through a superintendent by a board of directors; and each of these men is personally, or, at any rate, morally responsible for every outrage or wrong that occurs. While none of these gentlemen would enact a rule or regulation to defraud his coachman or any member of his household, or, what is more, carry on his own business on arbitrary measures, just so soon as he becomes a railway stockholder, and is on the executive board, he becomes a willing party to all sorts of petty and palpable evasions, and despotic measures that affect the comfort, interest, and self-respect of his associates. The directors often ride in the cars daily, and are witnesses of abuses of authority; but in all my years of railway travel and experience—and they are not a few—I never heard of or saw a case of interference between brutal conductors and brakemen and the passenger who happened to have lost his ticket.

It is one of the strangest anomalies that a railway business can not be carried on honestly and decently, without outraging the proprieties of life or morals, just as every other business can. It has its peculiar aspects, unquestionably; but in every case the company is hedged in with protection, while the passenger is a mere nothing. They receive pay in advance; they demand the tickets before they have executed their contract by carrying the passenger to his place; they eject non-paying persons without question as to the right or wrong of the particular case, and they may get their remedy if they can. How is it possible that in every case the company can be correct, and the seemingly dishonest passenger wrong? Yet by their might they make themselves right.

It would seem almost impossible to get common justice in these matters—to buy a ride on a railway as one would a barrel of flour, or to contract for a certain number of rides, and be certain that the contract would be honestly fulfilled. Egbert Pomeroy Watson.

Elizabeth, New Jersey, *June*, 1870.

REFORMS AT THE ACADEMY.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Will you allow me space to correct a statement in your issue of the 18th June by brother John Jones (for I too have the honor to be an N.A.), to the effect that the defeat of Mr. Page at the last election meant a disapproval of the policy of the Reform party, and that there would probably be no very violent departures from the traditions of the Academy during the next year?

Had the election turned on the approval or disapproval of the policy of the Reformers, Mr. Page would have been elected—as several Academicians, who are heartily in favor of the new measures, were induced to vote for Mr. Gray by motives of a purely personal consideration.

The active strength of the Academy is on the side of the Reformers or Progressionists, and Brother Jones will see some very marked departures from the traditional inaction of the Academy during the coming year. As he announces himself in a former article as belonging to neither party, and thus open to conviction, I already number him as one of us. Our policy, if not the best possible, is the best yet presented, and he must see it.

I heartily concur in Jones's critical notices of the pictures (particularly when he praises my work), and wish that other critics would go to their reviewing with the same knowledge and kindly feeling that distinguish him. Very respectfully,

John Smith, N.A.

NOTES.

"Edwin Drood" is so admirable a work, as far as it has been published, that we had hoped it would be found fully finished by the master's hand. It shows how entirely he relied upon his own powers, that the most popular author in the world was willing to begin the publication of a story which he had not himself entirely worked out. It is suggested that the tale may be finished by another hand from the notes left by Dickens. But an author's memoranda are not very intelligible to another, and even if an artist has left the partial chalk drawing of his picture, he alone could touch it with characteristic color. It is in the "filling up" that Dickens was so delightful a master. Mr. Wilkie Collins, who has been mentioned as one who might possibly finish the tale, would probably recoil from such a task; and it may be at least surmised that, if Dickens left his notes in such a state that the story can be finished from them, they had better be published as they are to satisfy the natural curiosity of those who are already interested. If, however, the notes do not furnish a clear clew to the story, we imagine that Mr. Collins will decline to undertake to compose one.

Meanwhile Mr. Collins's "Man and Wife," which is published weekly in this journal, is one of his most powerful works, and certainly one of the very best of recent novels. The author is evidently very deeply and sincerely interested in the horrors of the Scotch marriage law which he exposes; and his story is another illustration of the fact that the modern novel has become one of the most powerful of the direct reforming influences of society. The great genius of Dickens himself led the way, and almost all of his chief contemporaries, except Thackeray, have followed. Charles Reades's "Never Too Late to Mend" will be remembered as a startling exposure of the abuses in the state prisons; and his last story, just issued, "Put Yourself in His Place," deals with the trades unions. The few recent chapters of Wilkie Collins's "Man and Wife" are finer than any that we recall from his hand; and there are thousands of persons to-day hanging upon the fate of the brave Anne Silvester with the most painful anxiety.

There is a very pleasant article in *Putnam's Monthly* for July upon Disraeli, in which the author repeats the erroneous story that after writing "Vivian Grey," Disraeli was the editor of John Murray's *Representative*, a Tory evening paper, which failed disastrously. It has evidently escaped the attention of the author of the article that in September, 1861, Mr. Disraeli wrote a note stating that it was his rule never to correct misstatements, if they did not affect his honor; "but," he continued, "when utterly erroneous statements are presented for my sanction, I hope there is no egotism in my presuming to correct them; as, for example, the constantly repeated story of a newspaper called the *Representative*, in which I never wrote a single line, and never was asked to write a single line." The note was addressed to Mr. J. J. Sheahan, who wrote a "History and Topography of Buckinghamshire," and it is printed in M'Gilchrist's "Life of Disraeli."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

June 13.—In the Senate, the bill fixing the apportionment for the next Congress, and increasing the number of the Representatives to 300, was passed.—A message from the President in regard to Cuba was received in the House, and referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

June 14.—In the Senate, a resolution of inquiry was passed relative to the alleged attacks upon American citizens in Cuba.—In the House, Mr. Banks made a long speech in support of the report to grant belligerent rights to the Cubans.

June 15.—The Senate passed a bill providing for the quarterly payment of pensions, and making the fees of pension agents uniform. The House bill, authorizing the construction of a bridge across the Niagara River, at Buffalo, was amended and passed.—In the House, the Senate Currency bill, after striking out the provision retiring $50,000,000 of greenbacks, was passed. A long debate on the Cuba question resulted in the passage of a resolution instructing the President to remonstrate against the barbarous manner in which the war in Cuba has been conducted, and, if necessary, to solicit the co-operation of other governments, in efforts to secure from both contending parties an observance of the laws of war recognized by all civilized nations.

June 16.—In the Senate, the Franking bill was taken up and debated at length. A motion to postpone the subject till next session was defeated. An amendment continuing the present provisions of the law regarding free transmission of newspapers was adopted. An amendment depriving members of Congress and postmasters of the privilege was offered, but the Senate adjourned without taking action.—A bill was reported in the House to abolish all duties on coal. A bill was also reported granting to the Western Pacific Railroad the island of Yerba Buena for a terminus. An amendment requiring the payment of $2,000,000 for the property was offered and rejected.

June 17.—In the Senate, the Post-office Appropriation bill was discussed nearly the whole day and evening, the House bill to abolish the Franking privilege being the principal topic. Mr. Sumner's cheap postage amendment was rejected; Mr. Nye's (a two-cent postage in place of three) was adopted, but no final action was reached on the measure.—In the House, a resolution was passed transferring the stone presented by Roman patriots to President Lincoln to the National Lincoln Monument Association, of Springfield, Illinois. The bill granting Yerba Buena Island, in the harbor of San Francisco, to the Western Pacific Railroad was rejected.

June 18.—The Senate was mainly occupied with the Post-office Appropriation bill, including the various amendments touching the franking privilege, but no action was taken.—In the House, the credentials of Mr. Whittemore were presented, but objection being made to their acceptance, the matter was laid over for consideration.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

President Grant has nominated Mr. Amos T. Ackerman, of Georgia, to be Attorney-General, in place of Mr. Hoar, resigned.

The New Hampshire Legislature has re-elected the Hon. Aaron H. Cragin, and the Rhode Island Legislature the Hon. H. B. Anthony, to the United States Senate.

The Postmaster-General has accepted the offer of the agents of the Cunard and Inman steamship lines to carry the mails between the United States and Great Britain for the amount of the sea postage on the mails conveyed. The Cunard steamers will convey the mails to the United Kingdom, leaving on Thursday, and the Inman steamers will take the Irish mail only to Queenstown, leaving on Saturday.

Dispatches from Mr. Motley state that the British, French, and Prussians are in accord with the government of the United States in the desire to protect the Christians in Japan. The opposition to them is said to be on political, and not religious grounds.

FOREIGN NEWS.

On the 18th of June the Sacred College congratulated the Pope on the twenty-fourth anniversary of his pontificate, and expressed a desire for the dogmatical definition of the infallibility. The Pope is represented to have made a significant reply, in which he spoke of the danger of the spirit of "emancipation" in the Church.

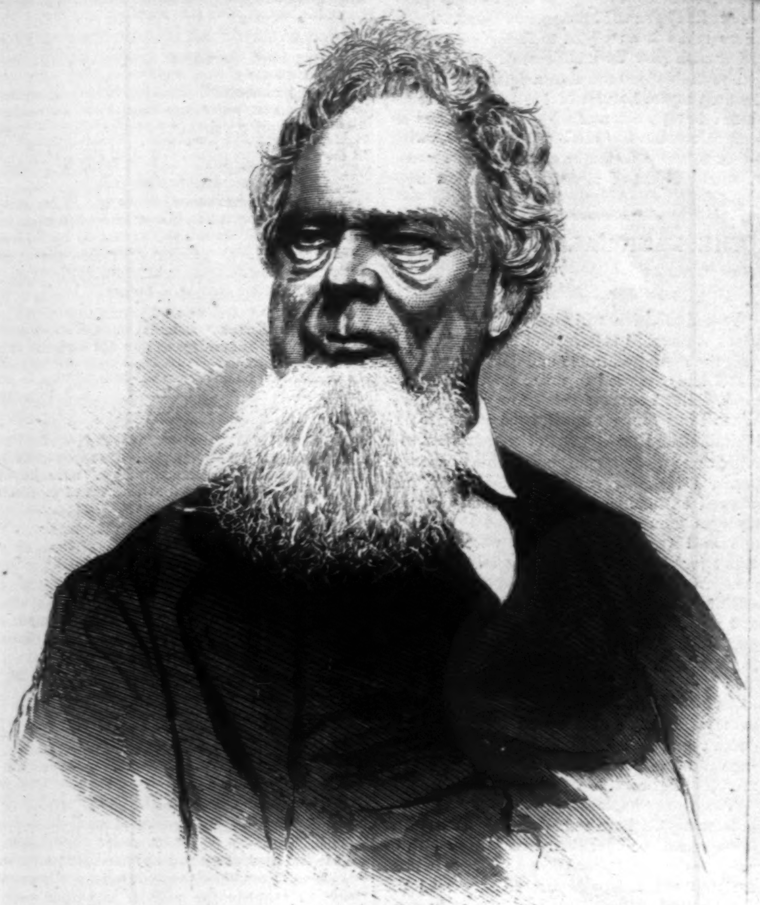
M. Prevost-Paradol has been appointed French Minister to Washington, and will sail for this country the 2d of July. He will be accompanied by a son of Edouard Laboulaye.

Prince of Wales declines to offer a cup for a yacht race unless an American yacht competes.

The French expedition in Morocco, it is announced, is entirely successful, the rebels every where submitting to the French authority.

Gustave Flourens, who arrived in Greece some time since, has, it is said, received orders to leave the country.

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.



WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

In the death of Mr. SIMMS, on the 11th of June, at Charleston, the country has lost one more of its time-honored band of authors, and the South the most consistent and devoted of her literary sons. Born in 1806, of a good family, though not among the wealthy proprietors of the State, Mr. SIMMS grew up under favorable influences of culture, which were not thrown away upon his ingenuous, lively disposition. He early acquired a taste for reading, and some knowledge of the modern languages. The assistance which he received, however, was but slight. The self-reliance and energy with which he marked out and pursued his career proclaim him essentially a self-made man. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one; but the real bent of his disposition was shown in the same year in the publication of two small volumes of lyrical poems at Charleston. Several others followed, and in 1832 he fairly began his career as an author by profession with the publication at New York, by the Messrs. HARPER, of "Atalantis," an imaginative poem—a tale of the sea—of considerable merit. The next year appeared his first prose romance, "Martin Faber," from the same house, followed by "Guy Rivers," "The Yemassee," the precursors of a host of novels from his pen, running along the next thirty years. During all this period, and to the end of his life, Mr. SIMMS's pen was never idle. Not only were his novels varied in character and subject, embracing several distinct classes of works of fiction, but his poetical productions were numerous; he wrote dramas, histories of his native State, several volumes of biography, of MARION, General GREENE, and others; furnished multitudinous essays and critical articles to many periodicals, himself editing several, from the quarterly to the weekly newspaper; delivered also various public orations and addresses; in fine, was one of the most indefatigable authors of this or any age. All this work was done under the influence of a commanding genius, seconded by great physical powers. It bore the marks of thought and study. Its author had a genuine love of letters, the passion of his life. For this he turned aside from the immediate rewards of political life, almost irresistible at the South to one of his oratorical powers and ardent temperament. In fact, there have been few examples in the country of so exclusive and persistent a pursuit of literature. The temper of mind which led him to this was essentially poetic and speculative. Though best known to the public as a novelist, he would, we believe, greatly have preferred to devote his powers to imaginative compositions in verse, with the lyrical predominant. His works of fiction are colored with this romantic element. Through how many kindling pages has he pursued his favorite topic, the exercise of the imagination in the culture of the beautiful, which with him meant love, reverence, the virtues for time and eternity! His last appearance in public, only a few weeks ago, leaving a couch of sickness for the effort, was to deliver an address before the Charleston County Horticultural Society, instinct with these ideas of his life. It is entitled, "The Sense of the Beautiful." Affection with full hand can sprinkle no choicer flowers upon his grave than the lilies and amaranthine blooms reared in the eye of heaven in this his own noble death-song.

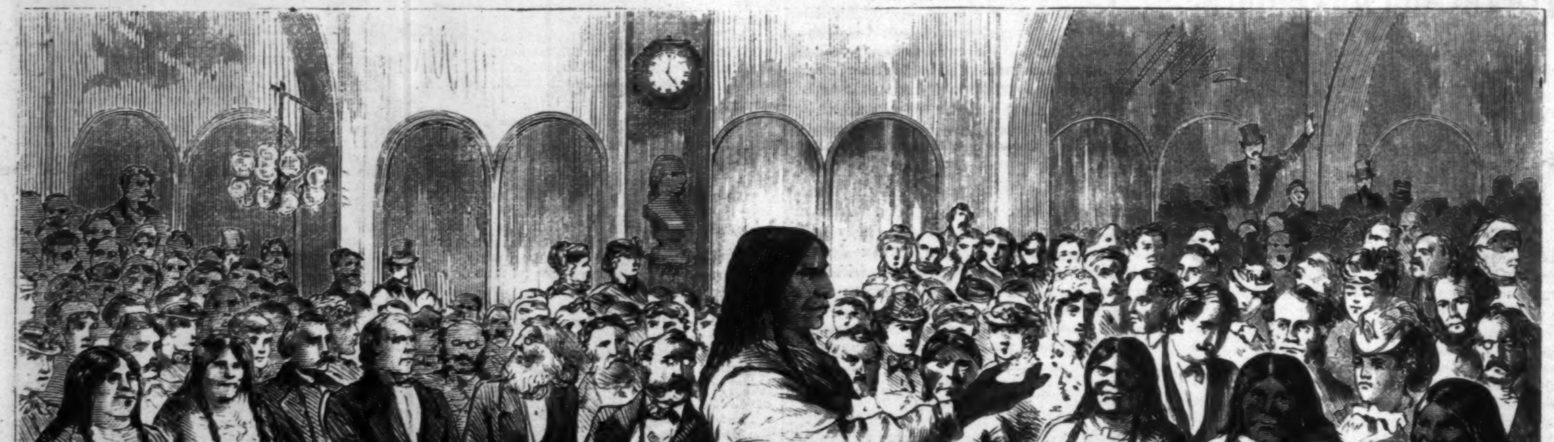
In his personal character, a man of singular simplicity and straightforwardness, of sound principles and honest impulses, ready in sympathy, friendly to the young, and where he was best known—in his family—of peculiar devotion and tenderness. His religious affections, tried by many domestic losses and severe privations, bore a lofty spirit of reverence and profound submission to the Divine will. We mention these traits now, for at his newly made grave the moral must take precedence of the intellectual; and they were qualities not always looked for by those at a distance, who, in the heat of national controversy, made but a rough estimate of the man. Those best acquainted with him, apart from the tribute which they may render to his writings, will ever regard tenderly and affectionately the memory of WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS.

RED CLOUD.

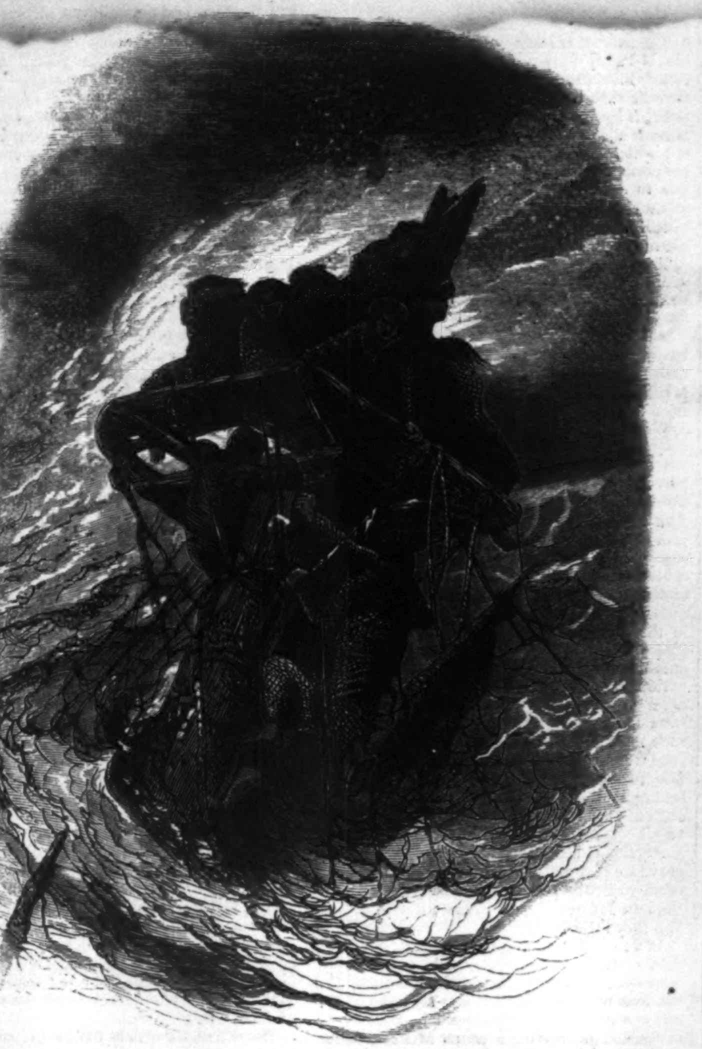
THIS redoubtable chieftain and sundry of his dusky compatriots visited New York last week, and were interviewed and fêted to their hearts' content. On the evening of June 16 they were treated to a grand reception at the Cooper Institute, at which it was estimated that no less than five thousand people were present. RED CLOUD made a very pathetic speech, in the course of which he said:

> "I have tried to get from my Great Father what is right and just. I have not altogether succeeded. I want you to believe with me, to know with me, that which is right and just. I represent the whole Sioux nation. They will be grieved by what I represent. I am no SPOTTED TAIL, who will say one thing one day and be bought for a fish the next. Look at me! I am poor, naked, but I am chief of a nation. We do not ask for riches; we do not want much; but we want our children properly trained, brought up. We look to you for that. Riches here do no good. We can not take them away with us out of this world, but we want to have love and peace. The money, the riches, that we have in this world, as Secretary Cox lately told me, we can not take these into the next world. If this is so, I would like to know why the commissioners who are sent out there do nothing but rob to get the riches of this world away from us. I was brought up among traders and those who came out there in the early times. I had good times with them; they treated me mostly always right; always well; they taught me to use clothes, to use tobacco, to use fire-arms and ammunition. This was all very well until the Great Father sent another kind of men out there—men who drunk whisky; men who were so bad that the Great Father could not keep them at home, so he sent them out there."

RED CLOUD's speech left on his audience the impression that his expectations had not been met at Washington, and that his intentions were not altogether pacific.



RED CLOUD AT COOPER INSTITUTE.—[DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.]



IN THE MAIN-TOP.

Travel and Adventure.

PREPARED
EXPRESSLY FOR HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE STORY OF A SHIPWRECK.

CHAPTER I.

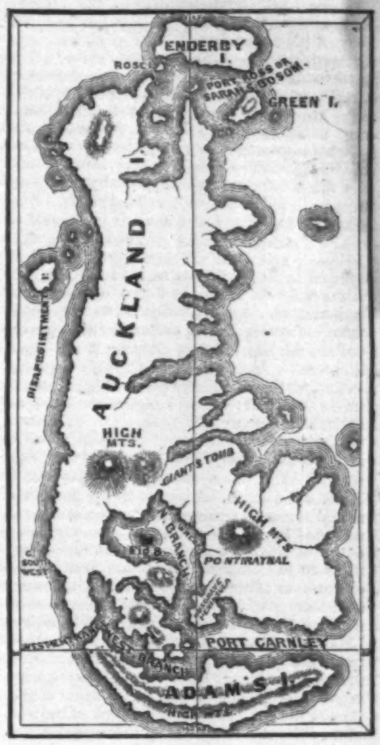
The Auckland Islands.—The Storm.—Saved.—Mining.—The Cloth Merchant's Project.—Arrangements for the Expedition.—The Wreck.—On a Desert Island.

The group of islands known as New Zealand lies about a thousand miles to the eastward of the southern extremity of Australia. About two hundred miles to the southward of New Zealand a small group of mountain summits rise above the surface of the sea, and are known by the name of the Auckland Islands. These islands have been the scene, within a few years past, of several remarkable shipwrecks—or, rather, shipwrecks followed by very remarkable adventures on the part of the poor seamen who experienced them. The circumstances connected with and following one of these disasters have been related in full by the leader of the party involved in it—a Frenchman named Raynal. We propose giving to our readers a narrative of the events connected with the shipwreck, and the subsequent residence of the party of mariners on the islands, following faithfully, in respect to the facts, the accounts given in the original narrative.

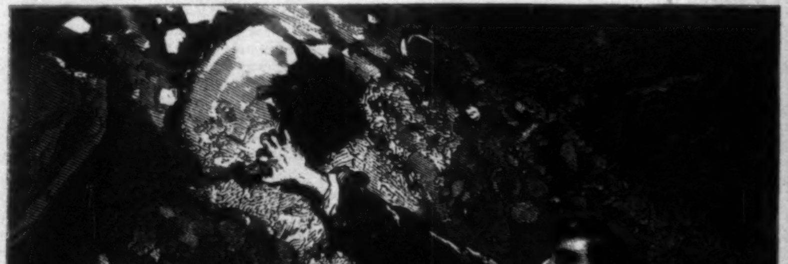
Mr. Raynal was a French gentleman, who went to Australia, twelve or fifteen years ago, to seek his fortune. He was destined, however, to encounter much more of ill luck than of good, and his misfortunes commenced even before his landing in Australia. The vessel in which he and the party accompanying him took passage for Melbourne was wrecked on approaching that port. When they were drawing near the land they encountered a gale of wind which raised a very heavy sea, and brought with it from the offing a flying mist so dense as to shut out every thing from view. While in this situation night came on; and soon afterward, in the midst of the darkness, the vessel struck upon a submerged reef of rocks. Immediately after the first terrible shock she swung round, and, falling down partially upon her side, became hopelessly entangled among the rocks, and her deck was immediately inundated by the seas which broke over her. Two of the crew were swept overboard and drowned. The others managed to save themselves by clinging to the shrouds and rigging. The vessel lay thumping upon the rocks until holes were broken through the planking, when she gradually settled down into a sort of hollow in the reef until the hull was entirely submerged. The men who had saved themselves clambered up the rigging to the main-top, where they huddled together, clinging to whatever came within their grasp, and spent the night there, in darkness and cold, and exposed to the whole fury of the storm. Enormous waves were rolling in incessantly beneath them, covering them with the spray, and threatening at every moment to carry away the mast and plunge them all into the boiling and foaming abyss over which they were suspended. Among all the frightful situations into which human beings are brought in encountering the sea, if we except being on board a burning ship in the middle of the ocean, with no possibility of being saved, it is difficult to conceive of any one more terrible than this.

The men were saved, however. The storm abated, and the mist cleared away before morning, when they were seen by people on board a steamer that was passing along the coast, and thus were rescued and taken into Melbourne.

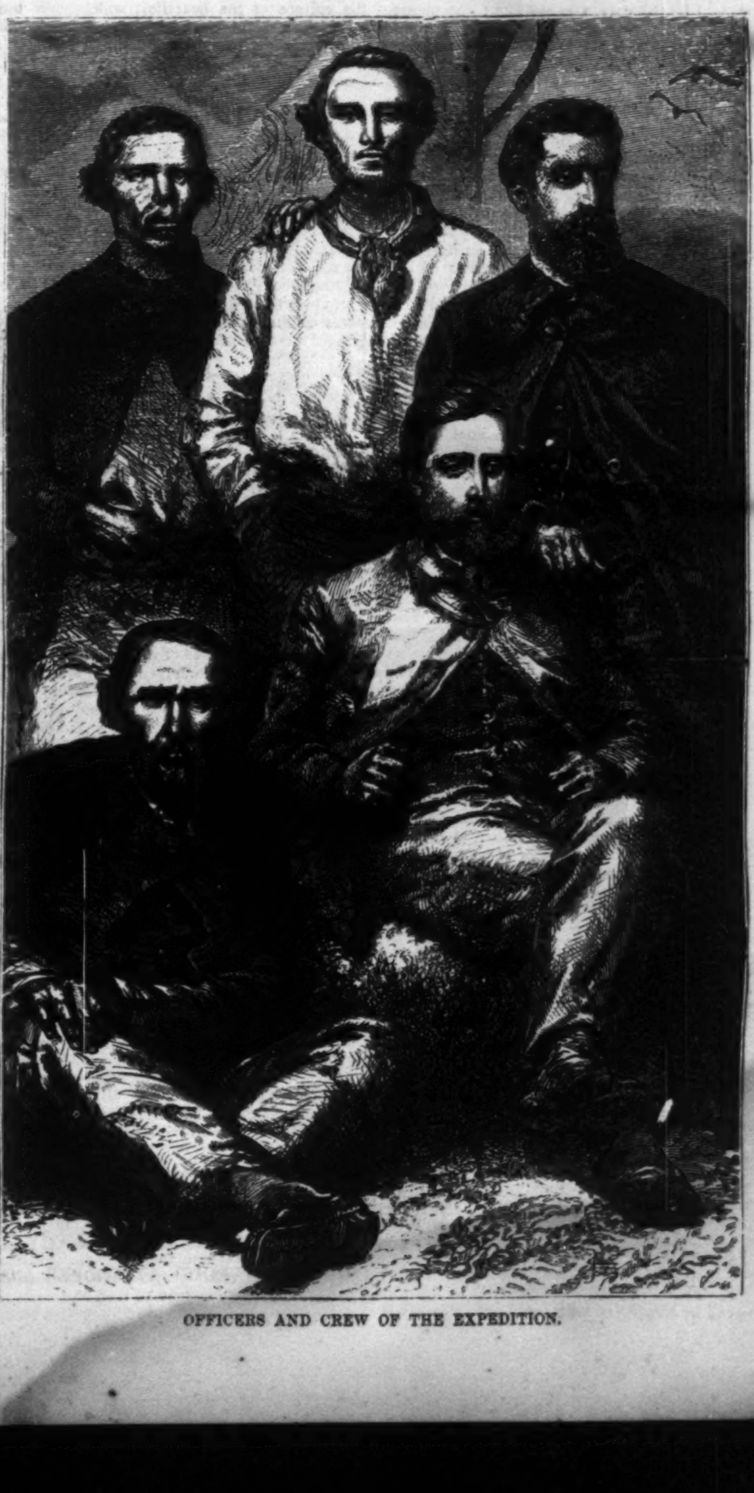
Mining, they say, is a lottery. If so, it was one which was not destined to bestow any of its prizes upon Mr. Raynal. It is, in fact, eminently a lottery for gentlemen like Mr. Raynal, who, having some capital, employ and pay laborers, and depend for their reimbursement on the returns of enterprises which sometimes involve a very large outlay before the question of returns can be reached. For the laborer himself, who is content with the high daily wages that generally prevail in mining countries, and who has the self-control not to waste his earnings in dissipation or in gaming, the employment is as sure, perhaps, and as productive as any other. But this was not Mr. Raynal's case. He was an employer of laborers, and his ventures did not prove successful. He persevered, however, for several years, with varying results, but, on the whole, with so large a proportion of disappointment and failure that at length he became wholly discouraged. The last misfortune that befell him, and which finally decided him to abandon the life of a miner, was a very extraordinary one. It was as follows:



He had employed a body of men to dig a "drift," or tunnel, into the side of a hill, in search of a vein of the precious metal which he had reason to suppose existed there. The men had made a commencement of the work, under Mr. Raynal's superintendence; and one evening, when the labors of the day were closed, and he had dismissed them to go to their several homes, he himself remained behind them in the excavation to examine the walls of it, with a view of ascertaining whether it would be necessary to support the earth by timbers and planking, or whether it was sufficiently firm and tenacious to support itself. While trying the sand and gravel with this view, the bank suddenly began to give way and fall; and before he could make his escape from the hole he was overwhelmed and half buried under an avalanche of rocks, gravel, and sand. He was seriously wounded, too—his chest being nearly crushed in by the weight of the load which came upon it. He cried out as loudly as he could to his men; but they had gone too far to hear him. Then he commenced the work of trying to disengage himself. In this, after a time, he succeeded; and when he was free, he crawled, more dead than alive, to some neighboring place where he could receive succor. As soon as he could be moved he was taken to



BURIED IN THE MINE.



OFFICERS AND CREW OF THE EXPEDITION.

Sydney, where he remained, sick and a sufferer, for eight months before he recovered from the effects of the accident.

During this long period of confinement, which extended through the winter, Mr. Raynal had time to reflect upon his situation and prospects, and he came to the conclusion to undertake no more mining operations, but determined that, with the opening spring, if his health should then be sufficiently restored, he would return to France. In the mean time he had formed the acquaintance of a fellow-countryman named Mr. Charles Sarpy. Mr. Sarpy was a cloth merchant, and had for some time been engaged in business at Sydney; and when the time drew near for Mr. Raynal to set sail for his native land, Mr. Sarpy communicated to him, in a private and confidential manner, a project which he and his partner were entertaining, and proposed that Mr. Raynal should join them in carrying it into execution.

The project of Mr. Sarpy and his partner was this. They had received secret information, they said, that there were indications of valuable deposits of silver on an island called Campbell Island, which lies, as will be seen by the map, to the southward of New Zealand, and not far from the Auckland Islands, which, as will appear in the sequel, were the scene of most of the events to be recorded in this narrative. The plan was to fit out a vessel, with a trusty company in charge of it, to go to Campbell Island, and first make an exploration of the interior of it, with a view to ascertaining whether there was, in fact, such a mine of silver ore there as had been represented. If they found the mine the vessel was to return immediately to Sydney with the news, and the partners would then take the necessary steps for organizing a company to work the mine, and obtaining from the Legislature a grant of the island to the company, and the other necessary powers to enable them to prosecute the business efficiently.

The expedition was, however, to be provided not only with the requisite instruments, utensils, and materials for examining and testing the ore, if such should be found, but were also to take with them the necessary apparatus and appointments for the *seal-fishery*, in order that, in case of disappointment in regard to the silver, they could indemnify the owners for the expense of the voyage by bringing back a cargo of seal-skins and seal-oil. Most of the uninhabited coasts and islands in high southern, as well as high northern, latitudes are the resorts of great numbers of seals and other marine mammalia; and Mr. Sarpy had heard that they were particularly abundant at Campbell Island. If this should be the case a cargo was to be obtained and sent home, under the charge of a portion of the crew, while the rest remained to found an establishment on the island, and go on with the fishing, with a view of collecting a store of skins and oil, ready to load the vessel again on her return.

The proposal which Mr. Sarpy and his partner made to Mr. Raynal was, that he should aid them in organizing such an expedition, and then should go out to Campbell Island in command of it.

Mr. Raynal concluded to accept this proposal. He thought that there was a great probability that one or the other of the two strings of the bow would hold, and that by means of it he might reach the mark which he had been fruitlessly aiming at for so many years. And at any rate, if both should fail, it would only postpone his return to his native land for a few months. He could decide the question one way or the other during the summer season upon which he was then just entering; and if he failed, could set out on his return to France in the fall.

The seal is a remarkable animal in many respects; and, among others, on account of its affording a very curious example of the manner in which a structure originally designed, as it would seem, for a life in one element, has been modified to adapt it for another. The seal is essentially, in its anatomical characteristics, a land animal. It has all the bones necessary for feet and hands, even to the fingers and toes. These bones are, however, all packed away and concealed in the integuments which form the tail and the fins necessary for locomotion in water. It has a voice like that of a dog, and one species is known, on this account, among sailors as the *sea-dog*. It brings forth its young alive, and nurses and takes care of them as a cat does her kittens, or a lion her whelps, instead of producing only eggs, like most of the inhabitants of the deep, and leaving them to take their chance of being hatched and fed, or devoured by other fishes, as the accidents of their condition may determine. Their eyes are bright and full, and have so meaning an expression that they seem almost human. The organ is provided, moreover, with a special semi-transparent lid, with which it can be covered, when necessary, and its internal structure is provided with means of adjustment by which it can be adapted either to aquatic or aerial vision. Its nostrils are fitted with muscles by means of which the orifices may be closed at will when under water; so that the seal can shut its nose as well as its mouth when it dives. Its skull is very thin, to make the head light, so as to diminish the exertion necessary to keep it above the water. The blood is warm, and there are special arrangements in the structure of the heart and lungs to prevent the submergence of the animal, from time to time, from interfering with the regular arterialization of the blood and the regularity of the circulation.

But the chief peculiarities in the structure of the seal, which enable the animal to yield products useful to man, are those connected with the arrangements for keeping him warm in the ice-cold water in which he spends so large a portion of his time. These peculiarities are two: the coating of "blubber" below the skin, and of fur above it. This "blubber," as the sailors call it, consists of an integument or envelope of a kind of cellular tissue, the vesicles of which are filled with oil, and which covers the animal in every part with a material which is at the same time buoyant, and thus aids him in his motions in the water, and also is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and thus enables the red blood circulating within to maintain its temperature, notwithstanding the intense cold of the circumambient medium. It is curious to see in an arctic region a thousand seals disporting themselves on the margin of an ice floe, sometimes in the water and sometimes in the air, when the water is nearly freezing and the air is below zero, and to reflect that each body is in fact a little package of warmth, so securely protected by its most admirably contrived covering that, whether by day or by night, in summer or in winter, awake or asleep, upon the ice or under it, this warmth is not only never lost, but it never even varies in degree. It neither increases nor diminishes under all the varied exposures, and the continual and sometimes violent changes which take place in the surrounding conditions to which it is subject. For there is nothing found to be more uniform, as is shown by the most exact experiments and observations, than the temperature of the red blood flowing in the veins and arteries of a mammal.

It is from these peculiar coatings with which nearly all warm-blooded marine animals are clothed that are derived the supplies of oil which make the whales, the dolphins, the grampuses, the walruses, and the seals so valuable to man.

The seal, moreover, besides the warmth-preserving coat lying under his skin, is covered without with a peculiar kind of hair and fur, which makes his skin specially adapted to many useful purposes. The value of it depends upon certain properties designed to fit it to serve equally well under the water and in the air. Thus in the seal-fishery the sources of profit are two-fold—the skins and the oil.

The project therefore which Mr. Sarpy and his partner proposed to Mr. Raynal was that they should together fit out a vessel, with the means and appliances necessary both for collecting seal-skins and seal-oil on the one hand, and for making explorations and testing the value of ores on the other; that Mr. Raynal should take the command of the vessel and of the expedition, and should set sail as soon as the necessary arrangements could be made.

Mr. Raynal acceded to the proposition. He, however, stipulated for one modification of the plan, and that was that another captain should be engaged to take command of the vessel during the voyage. Although he had in former times been a practical navigator, it was many years, he said, since he had been at sea, and he wished to have another person to take the responsibility of conducting the vessel to the island. He would then himself take charge of the operations on land—namely, the exploration of the island, and the testing and collecting specimens of the ore, and also the work of procuring a cargo of oil and seal-skins.

This arrangement was finally acceded to, and a young ship-master, Captain Musgrave by name, a nephew of Mr. Sarpy's partner, was engaged to take command of the vessel. He was an American, and was about thirty years of age. He had a wife and children at Sydney. A small vessel, named the *Grafton*, of about eighty tons burden, was purchased and fitted up for the voyage. She was originally a collier, having been employed in bringing coal from Newcastle to Sydney. As she would have nothing to carry on her outward voyage except empty casks, they put in an extra quantity of iron ballast in the hold, covering it with a substantial floor, well secured, to prevent the possibility of the ballast "shifting." They stowed the casks upon this flooring. These casks were filled with water for the outward voyage—not only for the purpose of securing an abundant supply of water in case of a deficiency on the island, but also in order to put the brig in the same trim on the outward as she would be in on the homeward voyage, when the casks would be filled with oil. They also placed some additional ballast, consisting of blocks of stone, upon this flooring, with the water-casks, to give additional steadiness to the vessel.

The crew consisted of two seamen and a cook, making five in all; and, curiously enough, there were as many different nationalities represented in the group as there were men. Mr. Raynal was French, Captain Musgrave American, one of the seamen was English, and the other Norwegian, while the cook was Portuguese. The engraving gives a faithful representation of the whole party, copied from a photograph. Mr. Raynal stands on the extreme right of the picture, with the axe, his face wearing the serious and thoughtful expression given to it by the disappointments, misfortunes, and sickness through which he had passed. His hand rests on the shoulder of the American, Captain Musgrave, whose countenance indicates the cool and quiet energy characteristic of the American ship-master wherever he is found. In the centre of the group, behind the others, is one of the seamen, the Norwegian, Alexander M'Larren by name, though always known on board by the name of Aleck. Aleck was of a very quiet and sedate disposition. They said he seldom spoke, and never laughed, but he was docile and obedient, and attended faithfully to all his duties. He could not read or write. The other seaman, the Englishman, sits on the ground to the left of the group. His name was George Harris. He was very young—scarcely of age—though his form and his countenance would indicate a good deal of maturity both of body and mind. He was indeed rather an extraordinary man, strong, courageous, and efficient. He was a skillful seaman, understanding well whatever pertained to the rig and to the management of the vessel. He had, moreover, learned to read and write in his boyhood, in the schools of his native land, and his mind was in other respects more cultivated than those of most common seamen.

The man on the left, standing behind the others, is Henry Forges, or Harry, as they always called him, the cook. It is evident from his portrait that he was no beauty. He had suffered, it seems, in previous years from some cutaneous disease, which had finally been cured, but which had left indelible traces behind it in the permanent disfigurement of his face. Harry was to serve not only as cook, but as general servant, to attend to what on land would be called house-work, and also to aid as seaman in the management of the vessel in case of need.

The vessel was provided for four months, which was the utmost length of absence which it was thought necessary to anticipate—as the time for going and returning, with average weather, would have been only one month; and while on land the party expected to derive a portion of their subsistence from game. For this purpose Mr. Raynal provided himself with a double-barreled fowling-piece, and plenty of ammunition.

When all the preparations for the voyage were completed, Mr. Raynal and Captain Musgrave adopted a precautionary measure, which shows how fully they were aware that the enterprise in which they were about to embark was attended with unusual danger—as indeed it was—for they were going to explore unfrequented seas, to visit rocky islands, very little known, and situated in a stormy and inclement region. Campbell Island lies in the southern hemisphere, in a latitude nearly corresponding to that of Labrador in the northern. The precaution which they took was this: They arranged with Mr. Sarpy and his partner, that in case they did not return within four months, they were to send out another vessel to search for them. If the firm were not at that time in a condition to fit out such an additional vessel, from their own private resources, then they were to make application to the government, stating the facts, and asking that one of the national vessels at that station might be sent to look for the missing vessel.

All things being thus arranged, Captain Musgrave went to bid farewell to his wife and children, while the rest went on board the *Grafton*. Captain Musgrave soon afterward joined them, and they set sail.

It was now near the middle of November—a season which, in the southern hemisphere, corresponded with the middle of May in ours. For the first week every thing was favorable. The sea was smooth, the wind was fair, and the vessel glided over the water, as Mr. Raynal expressed it in his journal, as if they had been sailing upon a placid lake. On the night of the 15th the attention of the mariners was strongly attracted to the annual display of meteors, which occurs at that season, and which formed for them a most imposing spectacle.

On the 18th a rapid fall of the barometer portended a storm. The sea began to rise. They took in all the smaller sails and double reefed the mainsail. The wind and sea continued to rise. The waves began to break over upon the deck; and as the planking of the deck was not very tight, the laboring of the vessel opened the seams, so that the water poured through in streams, and drenched the bedding in the berths.

About midnight, Mr. Raynal was summoned to the deck to relieve the watch, and take his turn at the helm. The night was dark, though there was a phosphorescence in the waves, which seemed, however, not to relieve the darkness, but only to render it visible. Clouds, very low, were driving across the sky, and were illuminated now and then by vivid flashes of lightning, accompanied by terrific peals of thunder. Mr. Raynal took the helm from Aleck's hand; but the flashes of lightning were so incessant and so dazzling that he could scarcely see the needle of the compass, illumined by its little lamp, in the binnacle before him. Suddenly he experienced a violent shock, followed by a deluge of water which hurled him from his place at the helm, and swept him across the deck to leeward, where he barely saved himself from being carried overboard by grasping the bulwarks. Some of the bulwarks on the windward side were carried away by the concussion, and the vessel, instead of righting herself when the wave passed, remained half keeled over, showing that the ballast had shifted. The men who were below, aroused by the shock and the crash, came rushing to the deck. They immediately made for the sail, which was flapping in the wind with the sound of thunder, and commenced the herculean task of taking it in; while Mr. Raynal, stunned and bewildered, and drenched with sea-water, tried to make his way back to the helm. It was useless to attempt to bring the vessel up to the wind, when no sail could be carried; so they let her fall off and scud before the gale, which she did, bounding over the waves at a prodigious speed, and lying all the time half over upon her side.

The first work to be done was to right things in the hold, if possible, so as to bring the vessel back to an even keel. Captain Musgrave accordingly took the helm, while Mr. Raynal and the rest, providing themselves with lanterns, went below. There they found every thing in awful confusion. Blocks of stone, casks of water, bags of salt, were mingled pell-mell to leeward, in the angle formed by the flooring already spoken of and the vessel's side. Some were fixed in the new positions into which they had been thrown, and others, still loose, were thumping back and forth at every plunge of the vessel. To rearrange and secure these things was a very difficult, laborious, and dangerous task; and the men worked at it all the night long.

Fortunately the flooring, which had been laid over the iron ballast in the lower hold, held firm, and the iron had consequently not been disturbed. Had that floor given way, so as to allow the lower ballast to be thrown out of place, like that which was above the flooring, nothing could have saved the vessel from going down.

Toward morning, having restored something like order in the hold, the men returned to the deck, where they found Captain Musgrave almost exhausted with cold and exposure. His face was pale and his hands benumbed, and he was drenched to the skin. He was, however, active and alert, and showed no signs of discouragement or despondency.

The violence of the storm began now somewhat to abate; but the men were suffering greatly from wet and cold, and every thing above and below was so drenched with water that they could get no fire. Captain Musgrave did what he could to warm the men by distributing to them a supply of brandy—a resource which, although it consists essentially of borrowing vitality from the future, at a high rate of interest, to meet a present and temporary emergency, is one which, in such cases as this, is thought by seamen to afford the only means of safety.

They sounded the pumps and found, to their great joy, that there was very little leakage, showing that the hull of the vessel had received no serious injury. The wind continued to subside, though it blew by fits with great violence. Before long they succeeded in bringing the vessel around, head to the sea again—a position which is of much greater safety in heavy weather, so long as it can be maintained.

The wind continued to abate until, at length, it subsided to a gentle breeze. The sea went down. The seamen brought the bedding upon the deck, and spread it out to be dried by the sun and air. They rekindled their fire, and began to provide themselves again with regular and proper food. In a word, they found themselves restored to their ordinary routine of life, and to the enjoyment of their usual comforts—so far as there can be any thing like comfort on board a vessel of eighty tons, sailing in the open sea, and on the confines of the frigid zone.

They went on in this way for several days, until, at length, one day about noon, on mounting to the mast-head, Mr. Raynal found that Campbell Island was in sight, at a distance of about thirty-five miles. He cried out, "Land!" a cry which filled his comrades on the deck with excitement and delight. Very soon, however, there came creeping over the surface of the water a fog which shut out the land from view, and made it unsafe to attempt to approach it, on account of the rocky islets and submerged reefs which usually, in the case of such islands, border the shore. So they altered their course and stood out to sea again.

The next morning all was clear; but the land was no longer in sight. They had receded from it so far that it had disappeared below the horizon. They soon, however, brought it up again into view, and on the following day reached it in safety, avoiding all the rocks and shoals on the way, and anchored in a harbor which the whalemen, previously visiting the spot, had named Abraham's Bosom.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROMANCE OF A DONKEY.

Jeannie Lee and Tommy Gray were little boy and girl babies together, school-mates, friends, and— But let me first tell of their babyhood.

Their parents were warm friends, so the children had always been together. Tommy, being older, assumed a guardianship over his little playmate which was very pretty to contemplate from a grown-up point of view. He had a pet donkey, and it was his delight to put Jeannie upon Flora's back, while he walked by her side, holding her hand, that she might not fall. After a while he considered it safe for her to ride behind him *à la* pillion. This was delightful. Flora had a habit of throwing them off every few minutes, which might have been unpleasant, except that it afforded Tommy an opportunity to rush to the side of his playmate, and ask earnestly, "Are you hurt, Jeannie?" When, however, she would laughingly assure him she was unharmed, he would really feel disappointed, for it would have given him so much pleasure to take care of her, and tear up his pocket-handkerchief to bind up a broken limb in the manner described in books; but Jeannie was persistently strong and whole, for a fall from little Flora's back was not much. One day, when these young people were ten and eleven years of age, they were rambling through the woods, first on and then off the donkey's back, according to that little animal's mood; sitting down under a big pine-tree, upon the carpet which we always find under pine-trees, made of the dry brown tassels which fall and fall and pile up around the trunks, and through which the winter-greens and princess pine push their way.

"Jeannie," said Tom, "did you ever see a dead donkey?"

"No, never, I am sure. But what makes you ask me such a funny question, Tom?"

"Oh, nothing; only I heard father say one time that no one ever did see such a thing, because donkeys never died. I'm mighty glad of it, too, for it would make me feel awfully sorry if Flora should die."

"I should too, Tom. I should cry just as much as if—*you* died! Wouldn't I, Flora dear?" And she threw her arms round the animal's neck.

Flora stood patiently, submitting to the caress, her eyes looking a mild inquiry at her young mistress. Jeannie petted and kissed her, and Tom saw tears in the little girl's eyes.

"Pshaw, Jeannie, what's the use of crying about it now, specially when you know she can't die? You say you'd feel just as bad if Flora died as you would if I died?"

"Yes, I would, Tom."

"Well, you know there is a great deal more danger of me dying. Why don't you cry about that? When I am old enough I may go to the wars or to sea, and be killed. What would you do *then*, Jeannie?"

"Oh, Tommy, don't talk that way to me. I don't know what I should do except cry awfully. But I guess I should die too."

"Well, then, why don't you put your arms round my neck and cry about it just as you did to the donkey? I don't believe you care half as much for me as you do for Flora."

Jeannie was not too young to feel a little coy about offering to Tom the same caresses which she had lavished upon their pet; but this appeal was too much for her, and throwing her arms about his neck, she fully atoned for what he had been pleased to regard as neglect. Tom found it necessary to say a great many comforting things, and wipe the tears with *his* handkerchief, although it would have pleased him more could he have torn it in strips.

"There now, Jeannie, don't cry any more. Perhaps I won't go to the wars, or to sea either, and perhaps I won't die; but then, of course, I must die some time or other. Maybe, though, you will die first, and that will be better, for you know I will be a man, and stronger than you, and so I can bear it better. Don't you see?"

"Yes, that would be better," said Jeannie.

Oh! incipient man and woman! Of course he could bear it better, and be more easily comforted, and of course she could be more happy in dying than in being left to mourn. Tommy smoothed back her curls and kissed her, saying:

"Don't you know, Jeannie, you are going to be my little wife when we are grown up?"

"No; I didn't know that. Who said so?"

"Why, I say so, to be sure. Yes, you are going to be my wife, and we will live in a pretty little house, and you'll make tea for me, don't you know; and we'll have Flora, and it will be so nice; and then after a while you'll die, and—"

"Oh, don't talk about that, please; you'll make me cry again."

"Well, I won't; but don't you know when people are going to be married they always give each other something to show they'll keep their promise? I wish I had a ring to give you, but I haven't got any thing. Oh yes, though, here's the very thing; we'll each take a lock of Flora's hair and wear it round our necks."

So saying he cut with his knife a lock from between Flora's eyes, divided it, and taking the ribbon from Jeannie's hair he tied the two locks, and putting one around her neck would have tied it fast, had she not hesitated.

"Wait, please, Tommy," she said, in a distressed tone. "You know I haven't made any promise yet; it was only you."

"Oh, well, of course you do promise. You will be my wife, won't you?"

"I don't know," she said, thoughtfully.

"Why don't you know? You'll never love any body else as much as you do me, so of course you'll marry me."

The ribbons were tied without more ado, and giving her a patronizing kiss the two walked home. She was very silent and thoughtful all the way, but he was never more gay and talkative. When they reached her home he bade her good-by, bidding her "never, never, never forget the promise."

"Well, Tommy, I don't know what papa and mamma will say about it."

"Oh, they'll be delighted. Don't you worry;" and Master Tom walked off whistling, and quite as important and happy as if he had been twenty-one, and this little transaction had been not merely childish.

Poor Jeannie, however, was in a very doubtful state of mind until she had confided to her mother the whole story.

"What shall I do, mamma; can I keep the lock of Flora's hair as long as Tommy keeps his?"

"Yes, dear, you may keep it as long as you like; but I would not talk or think any more about being Tommy's wife, because you are too young to be thinking of such things, and none can know what may happen before you are old enough."

"But, mamma, don't you think he is a good boy? Wouldn't you like to have me be his wife?"

Jeannie asked this in a timid, anxious way, that showed she did feel interested in the matter; her mother and father had often playfully spoken to each other of the probability of such a *match* resulting from the firm childish affection which had grown up between them; but wishing to keep her little daughter's mind entirely free from all such thoughts, she said:

"You can tell Tommy not to talk about it any more, and you be just yourself again—only little Jeannie Lee."

A few months after this romantic incident Jeannie was running over to find her playmate one day, when she suddenly came upon him leaning dejectedly against a tree, with tears streaming down his face.

"What is the matter, Tommy? *Do* tell me, won't you?"

The boy started, and brushing away the tears, he tried to say, carelessly,

"Oh, nothing much, only Flora is gone!" But the last word was a sob, in spite of his efforts to be manly.

"Flora gone! Oh dear, dear! Where has she gone to?"

"I don't know. I've hunted in every place all the morning, but can't find her. She can't be dead, because you know donkeys never die; but that ain't a bit of comfort!" And throwing himself on the ground, he gave up to his tears.

Jeannie felt that her heart was broken by the loss of the pet, and Tommy's grief added another straw to crush her. So, forgetting her mother's advice, she cried:

"Oh, Tommy, please, don't cry so hard; it makes me feel awfully! Now listen to me. You know if I am going to be your little wife you ought to let me comfort you now. Won't you, Tommy?"

This little appeal was made so modestly and earnestly that the boy looked up and allowed himself to be comforted.

Years passed away. The boy and girl were separated. He went to school, and she was taken abroad by her parents to be educated. For a long time letters were interchanged, but gradually they dropped off altogether. At last Jeannie was on her way home. A storm arose, and the vessel was wrecked. Nearly all on board were lost. Jeannie, however, escaped, but her parents were both lost. Her first impulse, on reaching her native land, was to visit the scenes of her childhood. She went back to the old home, and, in spite of the sad changes, it was a pleasure to wander about among the old haunts.

Tommy had been so closely connected with her childhood that now, of course, he was brought to her mind very forcibly. Here they had made their little gardens; here they had built a little house of branches, and called it their home; and so on through many childish reminiscences. She wandered on toward the place where *he* had made the promise. She wondered where he was now, and if he had forgotten all that. As she drew near the place she was startled to see a man leaning against the very tree, and at his feet was lying the body of a donkey, surely *dead*. He looked up, hearing her step, and their eyes met.

"Jeannie!"

"Tom!"

That was all they said, but they *looked* a very lively conversation. At last Tom held out his hand.

"This is poor Flora, Jeannie. Just think of it! I never found her until to-day. Is it not strange you and I should meet here after such a long, long time? In spite of the old tradition, Flora died a natural death. She has wandered back to her old home and died here. Poor old thing! how much we loved her, didn't we? Jeannie, do you remember the lock of her hair I gave you?"

"Yes, Tom, I do remember it;" and she blushed with the consciousness of its then being so near her heart.

"Did you keep it long, Jeannie?"

"Yes, for some time."

"How long?"

"A number of years."

"As many as ten, Jeannie?"

"Why do you ask, Tom? I dare say you have lost yours long ago."

"You dare say! Look, here it is, proof of my honesty. I have kept it just ten years."

He took it from his vest pocket (which is next a man's heart all through the day). It was in a little morocco case—the little gray lock, tied with a faded blue ribbon. Jeannie blushingly took from her neck a gold chain, with a locket suspended, and, opening it, showed Tom the other part of the lock from poor Flora's head. Tom's face was radiant.

"Now, Jeannie, you *have* kept your promise, and we are *grown up*, so we'll just put the two locks together in your locket, and I'll put in my little case a curl from your head."

"But, Tom, I never made any promise, you know."

"Ah, yes, but I made it for you, and you have kept it; so you'll be my wife now, *of course*."

He was the same authoritative individual, determined to have his own way; and he had it. He had not forgotten how his little playmate comforted him when Flora was gone, and now he exerted himself to comfort the orphaned girl. It would be impossible for me to put down all he said; but the last time I saw them they were in a pretty little house, and she was making tea for him. But they didn't have old Flora. She had gone to the donkey's heaven, or else (who knows?) her spirit inhabited another form. At all events, she *died!*

NEWTON INVESTIGATING LIGHT.

THE picture on our first page this week is engraved from an interesting painting by Mr. J. A. HOUSTON, of the Royal Scottish Academy. It represents one of the early experiments with the prism which led to NEWTON's wonderful discoveries in regard to the nature of light, which formed the ground-work for subsequent researches in optical science. Marvelous progress has been made since his time. The wonderful phenomena of the polarization of light, its chemical and actinic properties, the theory of its undulatory transmission or manifestation, have each been investigated with surprising sagacity and patience. While FARADAY and others have brought the inquiry into the affinities of light, heat, electricity, magnetism, and galvanism to the very threshold, as it would seem, of discoveries pregnant literally with vital interest and importance for the human race, still, we remember it was NEWTON who laid the foundation for this great superstructure. His discovery, or rather his demonstrated deduction and record of the composite nature of the sun's ray, has received a most interesting verification in photography, an art which has illustrated—as must be confessed, to its own disadvantage—the very different activity or actinic power of rays of different colors. The data for NEWTON's conclusions respecting the composite nature of light were founded, as we all know, upon a simple experiment with a prism—an experiment which a child might have made; and not more likely to lead to a great discovery, unless reasoned upon by a philosopher, than was the fall of an apple likely to suggest the great law of gravitation which sustains and regulates the universe.

The manner in which NEWTON made his early experiments is shown in Mr. HOUSTON's well-considered and effective picture. The shutters of a room are closed on a sunshiny day, but a single beam is admitted through a small orifice; a prism of glass is placed in this beam, and the light passing through it is decomposed or detached into its constituents as it falls on any object within the room, because it is seen that the beam is composed of rays of different degrees of refrangibility, according to the colors into which they resolve themselves. We need only add that the artist has indicated some of the other profound discoveries and labors of our great philosopher by the telescope, books, and so forth, introduced in the back-ground of the picture.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

VERY simple and unpretending was the funeral of the great novelist, Charles Dickens. Early in the morning of June 14 his remains were conveyed from his residence at Gad's Hill to Westminster Abbey. Three plain coaches followed the hearse, containing the mourning family. The body of Dickens was interred in the Poet's Gorner, near by Handel, Sheridan, Macaulay, and Cumberland. Dean Stanley read the burial-service. During the day thousands who had known and loved the gifted man, chiefly through his writings, crowded to the Abbey to look upon the spot where he was laid, and to cover the grave with fragrant flowers. Some time before his death Mr. Dickens had desired to be buried in an old cemetery near Rochester. It is reported that this burial-place has since been closed. Indeed, it seems fitting that the remains of one who, through his works, belonged so pre-eminently to the literary public, should rest in Westminster Abbey among the renowned of earth. Yet there is something both touching and pleasing in the fact that no pomp or parade accompanied the burial-service of Charles Dickens. Upon the coffin-plate were inscribed the simple words:

CHARLES DICKENS.
Born February 7, 1812.
Died June 9, 1870.

Some months ago it was accidentally discovered by a French workman that varnish was an excellent remedy for burns; and since then some remarkable cures have been performed by its instrumentality. Recently, also, it has been ascertained that petroleum is an excellent pain-relieving application, and it is successfully used for burns and scalds. Experience has shown that crude oil is better than the distilled article, that the heaviest kinds are to be preferred, and that the crude filtered oil, which has not been heated (such as is used for lubricating purposes), is the best of all.

Professor Seeley, author of "Ecce Homo," has just completed a course of lectures to women on Roman History, at the Government Institution of Kensington. There were two hundred in the class. The lecture-rooms at Cambridge University have been thrown open to women. A short time ago the first examinations ever opened to women in Ireland were passed by twenty-eight candidates at Trinity College, Dublin. The Dutch are alarmed at a decree of the goverment of Holland opening the examinations for apothecaries to women. The Russian government has opened the doors of medical schools to both sexes; and a commissioner has been sent from France to England for the purpose of investigating this "movement." So the work goes on.

"Spotted Tail," one of the most powerful of the Indian Chiefs, does not seem to be intimidated, although he entertains a somewhat exalted idea of the white man's power. He thus expresses his views in an intercepted letter: "The white man is like the sands of the sea. His huts are like the trees of the forest. His horses are iron. Their speed is lightning. He has a little wire that goes over the great country. It reaches a hundred nations. He blows through the wire. The white man is a great blower. The words of his mouth go to the ends of the earth. They call up warriors and summon men to the council. But the soul of Spotted Tail knows no fear." How the letter was intercepted, we know not; but "Spotted Tail" writes very well!

The Ohio Legislature has just enacted a very stringent law against the sale of dangerous kerosene. The standard is fixed at 110° Fahr. for the flashing test, and the sale of an oil which flashes below this temperature is severely punished. In case a death results from oil flashing below 110° Fahr., the seller is to be punished for manslaughter.

Physician's fees in Prussia are regulated by law, and are fixed upon the most economical basis. For a first visit within the city limits a physician is allowed to charge from 50 cents to $1; for each subsequent visit, 25 to 50 cents. If at a distance of from one to five miles from town and suburbs, his first visit may be from 75 cents to $1 50, and subsequent ones from 50 to 75 cents. For a first visit at night he gets, if it be in town, from $1 50 to $2 25; if more than a mile out of town, from $2 25 to $3; following night-visits being, in town, from 75 cents to $1 50; in the country, from $1 12 to $2 25. He may not charge for more than two visits a day, unless they be by special request, nor must his fees for all attendance on any one patient within twenty-four hours exceed $2 25. The highest fee in the list is awarded to the surgeon who performs lithotomy—namely, from $15 to $37 50.

Autobiographies are the fashion just now. Kossuth is writing his, Gladstone has given the public the commencement of his, and Disraeli is said to have his own in process of construction.—Victor Hugo made $32,000 from his publications last year, but spent nearly the whole amount in aiding his sons to establish the *Rappel* newspaper in Paris.—The King of Saxony, now seventy years of age, has just begun to study the Polish and Russian languages. He wishes to translate into German some of the gems of Scandinavian literature.

A Parisian banker invented an ingenious plan to prevent defalcation by his cashier. He placed an iron cage before his safe and announced that the cashier should be locked in it until his cash account was verified at the close of the day. He could find only one man willing to accept this condition. "You must enter the cage at 9 A.M., and you will be liberated at 4 P.M., after your account has been verified," said the banker to the applicant. "Agreed." "You must not leave it during the day under any pretense. I keep the key in my pocket." "All right; I am used to confinement." "Where have you been?" "In the penitentiary during these last fifteen years."

The selection of Mr. Nathaniel Jarvis to fill the vacancy in the Board of Education caused by the late retirement of Judge Richard Larremore appears to give general satisfaction to the friends of education in this city. He is a gentleman of experience and capacity, and in all matters appertaining to practical school wants his action will doubtless be judicious. Mr. Bernard Smythe, who succeeds Judge Larremore as President of the Board, brings to this position a reputation for zeal, earnestness, and sound judgment which may be taken as a guarantee that the interests of education will not suffer under his *régime*.

Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte, eldest son of the Emperor Napoleon's brother Jerome, died at Baltimore, on June 17, from cancer in the throat. In 1803 Prince Jerome Bonaparte visited the United States; and in Baltimore he met Miss Elizabeth Patterson, a young lady of uncommon beauty and accomplishments. On Christmas-eve of the same year, having overcome the opposition of her father, he married her. Prince Jerome took his beautiful bride to Europe after a year or two; but France was closed to her by the order of the Emperor Napoleon, who also ordered Jerome to go at once to Paris. He went, but did not return to his wife. Napoleon refused to recognize the marriage, and in 1807 Jerome was married to the daughter of the King of Würtemberg. In 1805 Mrs. Patterson Bonaparte, while in England, gave birth to Jerome Napoleon, who has just died. The mother took every means in her power to secure to her son what she deemed his rights. He was allowed to visit France, and became intimate with his father, though he was not called one of the royal family, and no recognition of his mother was obtained. Jerome was educated at Harvard College, and entered the legal profession. He was married in early life to Miss Williams, daughter of Benjamin Williams, of Roxbury, Massachusetts. He leaves a son, Jerome Napoleon, who graduated at West Point, and is now an officer in the French army. Madame Bonaparte, at the age of ninety, survives both husband and son; and it is said that she has predicted that she will live to see her grandson Emperor of the French.

Some adventurous investigator has made a visit to the lowest depths of the caisson of the East River Bridge, and don't like the amusement much. He thinks a pedestrian would enjoy himself full as well in the groves of Prospect Park!

When the Prince of Wales was returning from the Epsom Derby, the other day, a bevy of ladies assembled on the Clapham road to see and greet the royal party. The Prince was smoking a cigar, but instantly he removed his hat to return the salutation. Fortunately (for the ladies) in so doing he dropped his glove. Of course, it would never do for royalty to stoop for such a trifle, and a general rush was made for the kid. The Prince indulged in a hearty laugh at the scramble of the ladies to become the owner of the glove, and the carriage proceeded on its way.

The story of "Edwin Drood" was commenced by Mr. Dickens in the summer of 1869. He was writing on it Wednesday, June 7, two days before his death.

From English journals we learn that the committee appointed by the Convocation for the revision of the authorized version of the Bible has held its first meeting, and agreed upon its plan of operation. The committee is to separate itself into two companies, the one for the revision of the Old Testament, and the other for that of the New. It has extensively availed itself of its authority to invite the co-operation of any persons eminent for scholarship, to whatever nation or religious body they may belong. As a general principle to be followed by both companies, it has been resolved to introduce as few alterations as possible into the text of the authorized version consistently with faithfulness, and to limit, as far as possible, the expression of such alterations to the language of the authorized and earlier English versions. Each company is to make two revisions of its text, the one provisional, and the other final. In the former, proposed changes in the text will be made on the approval of a majority of those present; but no change will be retained at the final revision which is not sanctioned by a majority of two-thirds. Whenever the text adopted by the committee differs from the authorized version, the alteration is to be indicated in the margin. The revision is to extend to the heading of chapters, pages, paragraphs, italics, and punctuation, and application is to be made by each company, when considered desirable, to divines, scholars, and literary men, at home and abroad, for their opinions.

The Emperor of Brazil is a sensible man. His people were about to erect a statue to his honor, but he declined it, and recommended that the money should be devoted to primary schools.

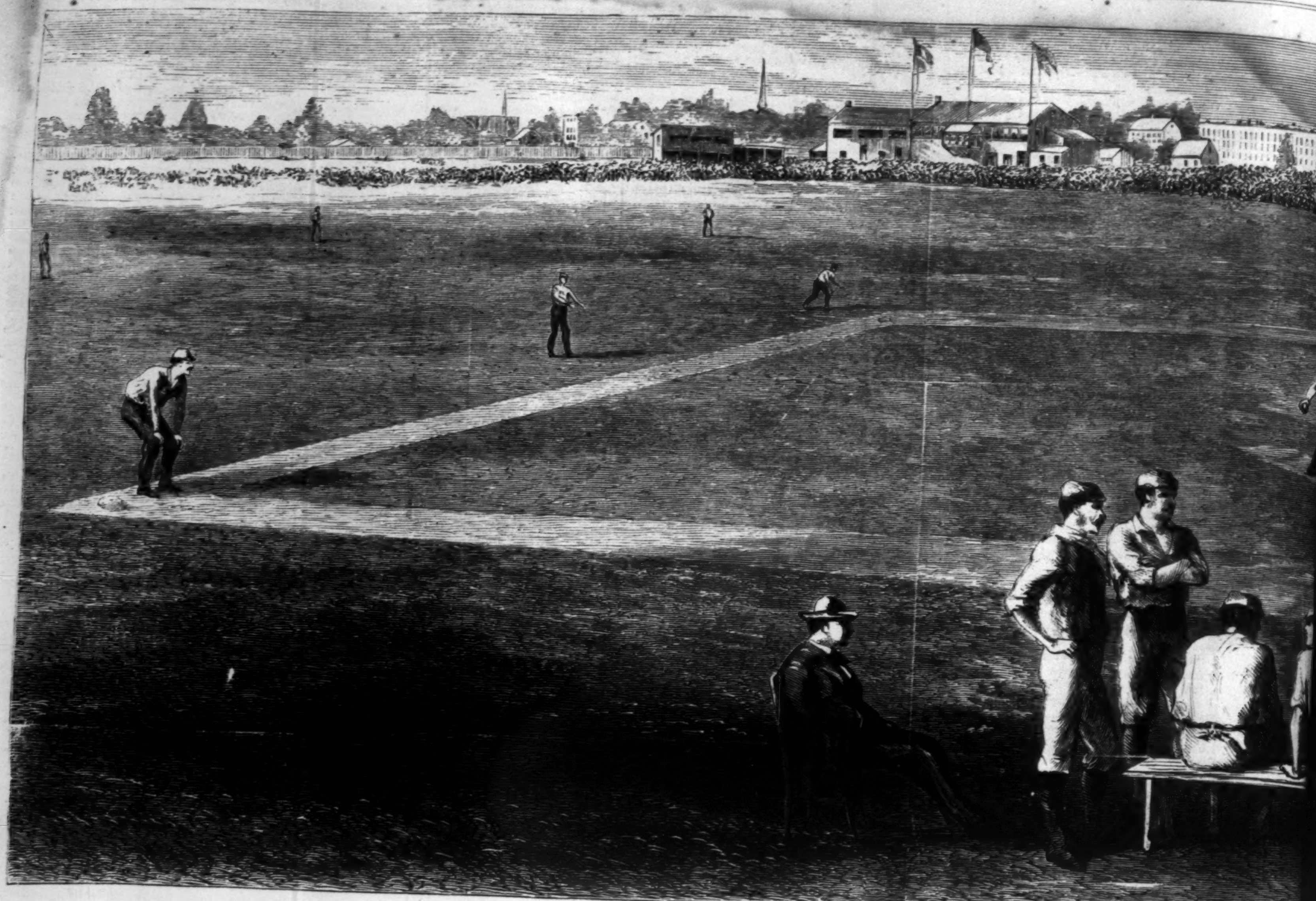
When Emile Ollivier, the French Premier, was younger, he came very near killing himself by drinking absinthe. Now he is markedly abstemious; he drinks no wine, smokes no cigars, and eats but little.

People are becoming anxious about the sun. The spots on its surface, which have long interested scientific men, have now grown so large that, apparently, they might easily swallow up our small earth. These spots, some alarmists predict, indicate some great catastrophe which will ruin us. It is believed by many scientific persons that the present condition of the sun causes peculiar magnetic influences upon our earth.

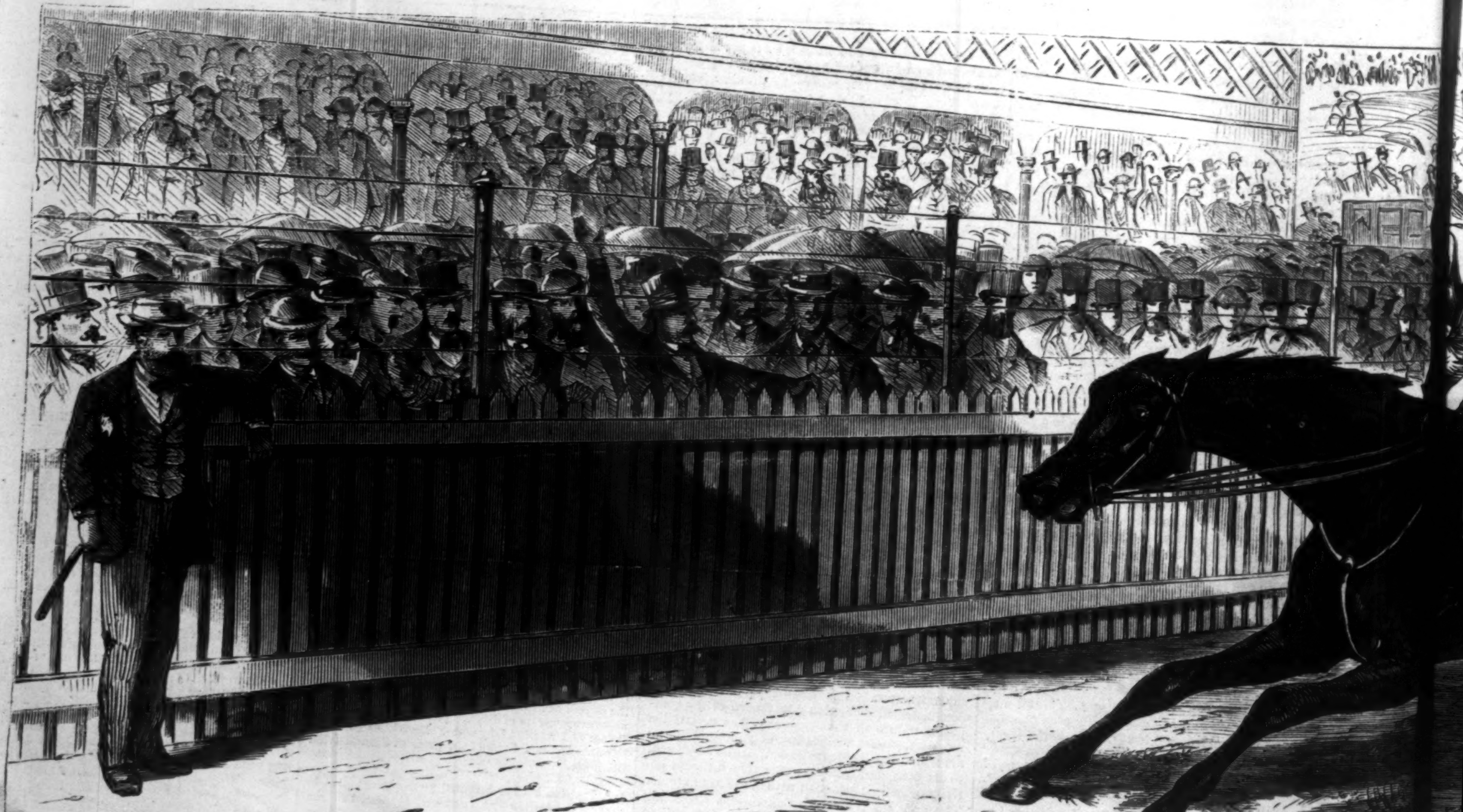
Tennyson has volunteered to assist in observations regarding the total eclipse of the sun which occurs next December, and which is visible in Europe. But in what way he is to assist is yet unknown. It may be we shall have as the result a word-painting, describing that marvelous phenomenon of nature.

It is about three years since Mlle. Christine Nilsson first sang before an English audience, her début having been made as Violetta in "La Traviata," at Her Majesty's Theatre, on June 8, 1867. At that time she achieved a perfect success, and her career has since been one of continued triumph.

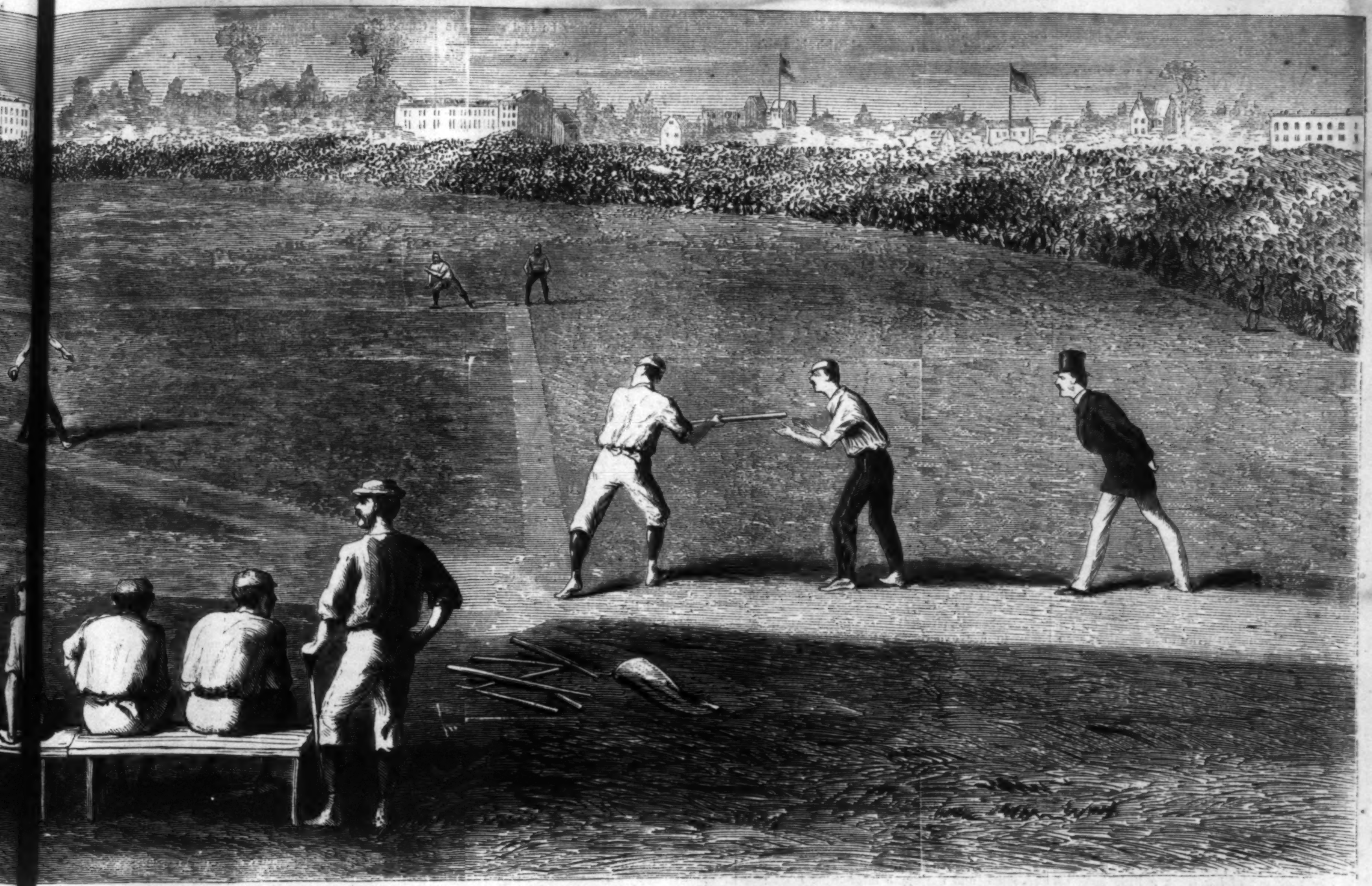
An American traveler, with that enterprise which is a national characteristic, has made a proposal to the Italian government to lease Mount Vesuvius! He thinks he can make a good thing of it by laying out roads and pleasure-grounds, building hotels, and setting up soda fountains on its summit. Moreover, he proposes to take visitors up and down by machinery. Those who want to see the show must pay a small admission fee.



BASE-BALL—THE MATCH BETWEEN THE “RED STOCKING



JEROME PARK—THE RACE FOR THE HUN PLAT



ING THE "ATLANTICS."—Sketched by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 427.]

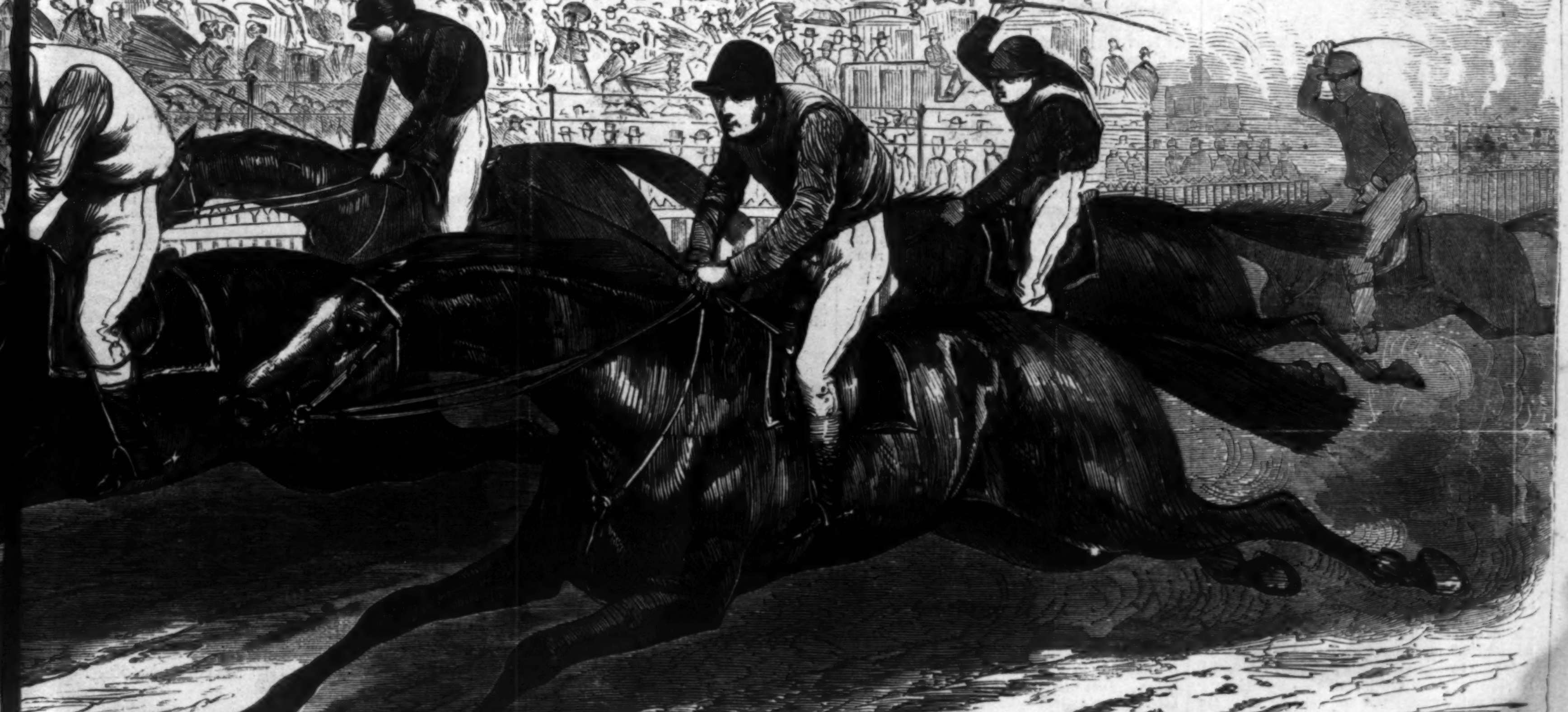


PLATE.—Sketched by Stanley Fox.—[See Page 427.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE FIFTIETH.

THE MORNING.

When does the vain regret find its keenest sting? When is the doubtful future blackened by its darkest cloud? When is life least worth having, and death oftenest at the bedside? In the terrible morning hours, when the sun is rising in its glory, and the birds are singing in the stillness of the new-born day.

Anne woke in the strange bed, and looked round her, by the light of the new morning, at the strange room.

The rain had all fallen in the night. The sun was master in the clear autumn sky. She rose, and opened the window. The fresh morning air, keen and fragrant, filled the room. Far and near, the same bright stillness possessed the view. She stood at the window looking out. Her mind was clear again—she could think, she could feel; she could face the one last question which the merciless morning now forced on her—How will it end?

Was there any hope?—hope, for instance, in what she might do for herself. What can a married woman do for herself? She can make her misery public—provided it be misery of a certain kind—and can reckon single-handed with Society when she has done it. Nothing more.

Was there hope in what others might do for her? Blanche might write to her—might even come and see her—if her husband allowed it; and that was all. Sir Patrick had pressed her hand at parting, and had told her to rely on him. He was the firmest, the truest of friends. But what could he do? There were outrages which her husband was privileged to commit, under the sanction of marriage, at the bare thought of which her blood ran cold. Could Sir Patrick protect her? Absurd! Law and Society armed her husband with his conjugal rights. Law and Society had but one answer to give, if she appealed to them—You are his wife.

No hope in herself; no hope in her friends; no hope any where on earth. Nothing to be done but to wait for the end—with faith in the Divine Mercy; with faith in the better world.

She took out of her trunk a little book of Prayers and Meditations—worn with much use—which had once belonged to her mother. She sat by the window reading it. Now and then she looked up from it—thinking. The parallel between her mother's position and her own position was now complete. Both married to husbands who hated them; to husbands whose interests pointed to mercenary alliances with other women; to husbands whose one want and one purpose was to be free from their wives. Strange, what different ways had led mother and daughter both to the same fate! Would the parallel hold to the end? "Shall I die," she wondered, thinking of her mother's last moments, "in Blanche's arms?"

The time had passed unheeded. The morning movement in the house had failed to catch her ear. She was first called out of herself to the sense of the present and passing events, by the voice of the servant girl outside the door.

"The master wants you, ma'am, down stairs."

She rose instantly, and put away the little book.

"Is that all the message?" she asked, opening the door.

"Yes, ma'am."

She followed the girl down stairs; recalling to her memory the strange words addressed to her by Geoffrey, in the presence of the servants, on the evening before. Was she now to know what those words really meant? The doubt would soon be set at rest. "Be the trial what it may," she thought to herself, "let me bear it as my mother would have borne it."

The servant opened the door of the dining-room. Breakfast was on the table. Geoffrey was standing at the window. Hester Dethridge was waiting, posted near the door. He came forward—with the nearest approach to gentleness in his manner which she had ever yet seen in it—he came forward, with a set smile on his lips, and offered her his hand!

She had entered the room, prepared (as she believed) for any thing that could happen. She was not prepared for this. She stood speechless, looking at him.

After one glance at her, when she came in, Hester Dethridge looked at him, too—and from that moment never looked away again, as long as Anne remained in the room.

He broke the silence—in a voice that was not like his own; with a furtive restraint in his manner which she had never noticed in it before.

"Won't you shake hands with your husband," he asked, "when your husband asks you?"

She mechanically put her hand in his. He dropped it instantly, with a start. "God! how cold!" he exclaimed. His own hand was burning hot, and shook incessantly.

He pointed to a chair at the head of the table.

"Will you make the tea?" he asked.

She had given him her hand mechanically; she advanced a step mechanically—and then stopped.

"Would you prefer breakfasting by yourself?" he said.

"If you please," she answered, faintly.

"Wait a minute. I have something to say before you go."

She waited. He considered with himself; consulting his memory—visibly, unmistakably, consulting it before he spoke again.

"I have had the night to think in," he said. "The night has made a new man of me. I beg your pardon for what I said yesterday. I was not myself yesterday. I talked nonsense yesterday. Please to forget it, and forgive it. I wish to turn over a new leaf, and make amends—make amends for my past conduct. It shall be my endeavor to be a good husband. In the presence of Mrs. Dethridge, I request you to give me a chance. I won't force your inclinations. We are married—what's the use of regretting it? Stay here, as you said yesterday, on your own terms. I wish to make it up. In the presence of Mrs. Dethridge, I say I wish to make it up. I won't detain you. I request you to think of it. Good-morning."

He said those extraordinary words like a slow boy saying a hard lesson—his eyes on the ground, his fingers restlessly fastening and unfastening a button on his waistcoat.

Anne left the room. In the passage she was obliged to wait, and support herself against the wall. His unnatural politeness was horrible; his carefully asserted repentance chilled her to the soul with dread. She had never felt—in the time of his fiercest anger and his foulest language—the unutterable horror of him that she felt now.

Hester Dethridge came out, closing the door behind her. She looked attentively at Anne—then wrote on her slate, and held it out, with these words on it:

"Do you believe him?"

Anne pushed the slate away, and ran up stairs. She fastened the door—and sank into a chair.

"He is plotting something against me," she said to herself. "What?"

A sickening, physical sense of dread—entirely new in her experience of herself—made her shrink from pursuing the question. The sinking at her heart turned her faint. She went to get the air at the open window.

At the same moment there was a ring at the gate bell. Suspicious of any thing and every thing, she felt a sudden distrust of letting herself be seen. She drew back behind the curtain and looked out.

A man-servant, in livery, was let in. He had a letter in his hand. He said to the girl as he passed Anne's window, "I come from Lady Holchester; I must see Mr. Delamayn instantly."

They went in. There was an interval. The footman reappeared, leaving the place. There was another interval. Then there came a knock at the door. Anne hesitated. The knock was repeated, and the dumb murmuring of Hester Dethridge was heard outside. Anne opened the door.

Hester came in with the breakfast. She pointed to a letter among other things on the tray. It was addressed to Anne, in Geoffrey's handwriting, and it contained these words:

"My father died yesterday. Write your orders for your mourning. The boy will take them. You are not to trouble yourself to go to London. Somebody is to come here to you from the shop."

Anne dropped the paper on her lap without looking up. At the same moment Hester Dethridge's slate was passed stealthily between her eyes and the note—with these words traced on it. "His mother is coming to-day. His brother has been telegraphed from Scotland. He was drunk last night. He's drinking again. I know what that means. Look out, missus—look out."

Anne signed to her to leave the room. She went out, pulling the door to, but not closing it behind her.

There was another ring at the gate bell. Once more Anne went to the window. Only the lad, this time; arriving to take his orders for the day. He had barely entered the garden when he was followed by the postman with letters. In a minute more Geoffrey's voice was heard in the passage, and Geoffrey's heavy step ascended the wooden stairs. Anne hurried across the room to draw the bolts. Geoffrey met her before she could close the door.

"A letter for you," he said, keeping scrupulously out of the room. "I don't wish to force your inclinations—I only request you to tell me who it's from."

His manner was as carefully subdued as ever. But the unacknowledged distrust in him (when he looked at her) betrayed itself in his eye.

She glanced at the handwriting on the address.

"From Blanche," she answered.

He softly put his foot between the door and the post—and waited until she had opened and read Blanche's letter.

"May I see it?" he asked—and put in his hand for it through the door.

The spirit in Anne which would once have resisted him was dead in her now. She handed him the open letter.

It was very short. Excepting some brief expressions of fondness, it was studiously confined to stating the purpose for which it had been written. Blanche proposed to visit Anne that afternoon, accompanied by her uncle; she sent word beforehand, to make sure of finding Anne at home. That was all. The letter had evidently been written under Sir Patrick's advice.

Geoffrey handed it back, after first waiting a moment to think.

"My father died yesterday," he said. "My wife can't receive visitors before he is buried. I don't wish to force your inclinations. I only say I can't let visitors in here before the funeral—except my own family. Send a note down stairs. The lad will take it to your friend when he goes to London." With those words, he left her.

An appeal to the proprieties of life, in the mouth of Geoffrey Delamayn, could only mean one of two things. Either he had spoken in brutal mockery—or he had spoken with some ulterior object in view. Had he seized on the event of his father's death as a pretext for isolating his wife from all communication with the outer world? Were there reasons, which had not yet asserted themselves, for his dreading the result, if he allowed Anne to communicate with her friends?

The hour wore on, and Hester Dethridge appeared again. The lad was waiting for Anne's orders for her mourning, and for her note to Mrs. Arnold Brinkworth.

Anne wrote the orders and the note. Once more the horrible slate appeared when she had done, between the writing paper and her eyes, with the hard lines of warning pitilessly traced on it. "He has locked the gate. When there's a ring we are to come to him for the key. He has written to a woman. Name outside the letter, Mrs. Glenarm. He has had more brandy. Like my husband. Mind yourself."

The one way out of the high walls all round the cottage locked. Friends forbidden to see her. Solitary imprisonment, with her husband for a jailer. Before she had been four-and-twenty hours in the cottage it had come to that. And what was to follow?

She went back mechanically to the window. The sight of the outer world, the occasional view of a passing vehicle, helped to sustain her.

The lad appeared in the front garden departing to perform his errand to London. Geoffrey went with him to open the gate, and called after him, as he passed through it, "Don't forget the books!"

The "books?" What "books?" Who wanted them? The slightest thing now roused Anne's suspicion. For hours afterward the books haunted her mind.

He secured the gate and came back again. He stopped under Anne's window and called to her. She showed herself. "When you want air and exercise," he said, "the back garden is at your own disposal." He put the key of the gate in his pocket and returned to the house.

After some hesitation Anne decided on taking him at his word. In her state of suspense, to remain within the four walls of the bedroom was unendurable. If some lurking snare lay hid under the fair-sounding proposal which Geoffrey had made, it was less repellent to her boldly to prove what it might be than to wait pondering over it with her mind in the dark. She put on her hat and went down into the garden.

Nothing happened out of the common. Wherever he was he never showed himself. She wandered up and down, keeping on the side of the garden which was farthest from the dining-room window. To a woman, escape from the place was simply impossible. Setting out of the question the height of the walls, they were armed at the top with a thick setting of jagged broken glass. A small back-door in the end wall (intended probably for the gardener's use) was bolted and locked—the key having been taken out. There was not a house near. The lands of the local growers of vegetables surrounded the garden on all sides. In the nineteenth century, and in the immediate neighborhood of a great metropolis, Anne was as absolutely isolated from all contact with the humanity around her as if she lay in her grave.

After the lapse of half an hour the silence was broken by a noise of carriage wheels on the public road in front, and a ring at the bell. Anne kept close to the cottage, at the back; determined, if a chance offered, on speaking to the visitor, whoever the visitor might be.

She heard voices in the dining-room through the open window—Geoffrey's voice and the voice of a woman. Who was the woman? Not Mrs. Glenarm, surely? After a while the visitor's voice was suddenly raised. "Where is she?" it said. "I wish to see her." Anne instantly advanced to the back-door of the house—and found herself face to face with a lady who was a total stranger to her.

"Are you my son's wife?" asked the lady.

"I am your son's prisoner," Anne answered.

Lady Holchester's pale face turned paler still. It was plain that Anne's reply had confirmed some doubt in the mother's mind which had been already suggested to it by the son.

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a whisper.

Geoffrey's heavy footsteps crossed the dining-room. There was no time to explain. Anne whispered back,

"Tell my friends what I have told you."

Geoffrey appeared at the dining-room door.

"Name one of your friends," said Lady Holchester.

"Sir Patrick Lundie."

Geoffrey heard the answer. "What about Sir Patrick Lundie?" he asked.

"I wish to see Sir Patrick Lundie," said his mother. "And your wife can tell me where to find him."

Anne instantly understood that Lady Holchester would communicate with Sir Patrick. She mentioned his London address. Lady Holchester turned to leave the cottage. Her son stopped her.

"Let's set things straight," he said, "before you go. My mother," he went on, addressing himself to Anne, "don't think there's much chance for us two of living comfortably together. Bear witness to the truth—will you? What did I tell you at breakfast-time? Didn't I say it should be my endeavor to make you a good husband? Didn't I say—in Mrs. Dethridge's presence—I wanted to make it up?" He waited until Anne had answered in the affirmative, and then appealed to his mother. "Well? what do you think now?"

Lady Holchester declined to reveal what she thought. "You shall see me, or hear from me, this evening," she said to Anne. Geoffrey attempted to repeat his unanswered question. His mother looked at him. His eyes instantly dropped before hers. She gravely bent her head to Anne, and drew her veil. Her son followed her out in silence to the gate.

Anne returned to her room, sustained by the first sense of relief which she had felt since the morning. "His mother is alarmed," she said to herself. "A change will come."

A change *was* to come—with the coming night.

CHAPTER THE FIFTY-FIRST.

THE PROPOSAL.

Toward sunset, Lady Holchester's carriage drew up before the gate of the cottage.

Three persons occupied the carriage: Lady Holchester, her eldest son (now Lord Holchester), and Sir Patrick Lundie.

"Will you wait in the carriage, Sir Patrick?" said Julius. "Or will you come in?"

"I will wait. If I can be of the least use to *her*, send for me instantly. In the mean time, don't forget to make the stipulation which I have suggested. It is the one certain way of putting your brother's real feeling in this matter to the test."

The servant had rung the bell without producing any result. He rang again. Lady Holchester put a question to Sir Patrick.

"If I have an opportunity of speaking to my son's wife alone," she said, "have you any message to give?"

Sir Patrick produced a little note.

"May I appeal to your ladyship's kindness to give her this?" The gate was opened by the servant girl, as Lady Holchester took the note. "Remember," reiterated Sir Patrick, earnestly, "if I can be of the smallest service to her—don't think of my position with Mr. Delamayn. Send for me at once."

Julius and his mother were conducted into the drawing-room. The girl informed them that her master had gone up stairs to lie down, and that he would be with them immediately.

Both mother and son were too anxious to speak. Julius wandered uneasily about the room. Some books attracted his notice on a table in the corner—four dirty, greasy volumes, with a slip of paper projecting from the leaves of one of them, and containing this inscription, "With Mr. Perry's respects." Julius opened the volume. It was the ghastly popular record of Criminal Trials in England, called the Newgate Calendar. Julius showed it to his mother.

"Geoffrey's taste in literature!" he said, with a faint smile.

Lady Holchester signed to him to put the book back.

"You have seen Geoffrey's wife already—have you not?" she asked.

There was no contempt now in her tone when she referred to Anne. The impression produced on her by her visit to the cottage, earlier in the day, associated Geoffrey's wife with family anxieties of no trivial kind. She might still (for Mrs. Glenarm's sake) be a woman to be disliked—but she was no longer a woman to be despised.

"I saw her when she came to Swanhaven," said Julius. "I agree with Sir Patrick in thinking her a very interesting person."

"What did Sir Patrick say to you about Geoffrey this afternoon—while I was out of the room?"

"Only what he said to *you*. He thought their position toward each other here a very deplorable one. He considered that the reasons were serious for our interfering immediately."

"Sir Patrick's own opinion, Julius, goes farther than that."

"He has not acknowledged it, that I know of."

"How *can* he acknowledge it—to us?"

The door opened, and Geoffrey entered the room.

Julius eyed him closely as they shook hands. His eyes were bloodshot; his face was flushed; his utterance was thick—the look of him was the look of a man who had been drinking hard.

"Well?" he said to his mother. "What brings you back?"

"Julius has a proposal to make to you," Lady Holchester answered. "I approve of it; and I have come with him."

Geoffrey turned to his brother.

"What can a rich man like you want with a poor devil like me?" he asked.

"I want to do you justice, Geoffrey—if you will help me, by meeting me half-way. Our mother has told you about the will?"

"I'm not down for a half-penny in the will. I expected as much. Go on."

"You are wrong—you *are* down in it. There is liberal provision made for you in a codicil. Unhappily, my father died without signing it. It is needless to say that I consider it binding on me for all that. I am ready to do for you what your father would have done for you. And I only ask for one concession in return."

"What may that be?"

"You are living here very unhappily, Geoffrey, with your wife."

"Who says so? I don't, for one."

Julius laid his hand kindly on his brother's arm.

"Don't trifle with such a serious matter as this," he said. "Your marriage is, in every sense of the word, a misfortune—not only to you but to your wife. It is impossible that you can live together. I have come here to ask you to consent to a separation. Do that—and the provision made for you in the unsigned codicil is yours. What do you say?"

Geoffrey shook his brother's hand off his arm.

"I say—No!" he answered.

Lady Holchester interfered for the first time.

"Your brother's generous offer deserves a better answer than that," she said.

"My answer," reiterated Geoffrey, "is—No!"

He sat between them with his clenched fists resting on his knees—absolutely impenetrable to any thing that either of them could say.

"In your situation," said Julius, "a refusal is sheer madness. I won't accept it."

"Do as you like about that. My mind's made up. I won't let my wife be taken away from me. Here she stays."

The brutal tone in which he had made that reply roused Lady Holchester's indignation.

"Take care!" she said. "You are not only behaving with the grossest ingratitude toward your brother—you are forcing a suspicion into your mother's mind. You have some motive that you are hiding from us."

He turned on his mother with a sudden ferocity which made Julius spring to his feet. The next instant his eyes were on the ground, and the devil that possessed him was quiet again.

"Some motive I'm hiding from you?" he repeated, with his head down, and his utterance thicker than ever. "I'm ready to have my motive posted all over London, if you like. I'm fond of her."

He looked up as he said the last words. Lady Holchester turned away her head—recoiling from her own son. So overwhelming was the shock inflicted on her that even the strongly rooted prejudice which Mrs. Glenarm had implanted in her mind yielded to it. At that moment she absolutely pitied Anne!

"Poor creature!" said Lady Holchester.

He took instant offense at those two words. "I won't have my wife pitied by any body." With that reply, he dashed into the passage; and called out, "Anne! come down!"

Her soft voice answered; her light footfall was heard on the stairs. She came into the room. Julius advanced, took her hand, and held it kindly in his. "We are having a little family discussion," he said, trying to give her confidence. "And Geoffrey is getting hot over it, as usual."

Geoffrey appealed sternly to his mother.

"Look at her!" he said. "Is she starved? Is she in rags? Is she covered with bruises?" He turned to Anne. "They have come here to propose a separation. They both believe I hate you. I don't hate you. I'm a good Christian. I owe it to you that I'm cut out of my father's will. I forgive you that. I owe it to you that I've lost the chance of marrying a woman with ten thousand a year. I forgive you *that.* I'm not a man who does things by halves. I said it should be my endeavor to make you a good husband. I said it was my wish to make it up. Well! I am as good as my word. And what's the consequence? I am insulted. My mother comes here, and my brother comes here—and they offer me money to part from you. Money be hanged! I'll be beholden to nobody. I'll get my own living. Shame on the people who interfere between man and wife! Shame!—that's what I say—shame!"

Anne looked, for an explanation, from her husband to her husband's mother.

"Have you proposed a separation between us?" she asked.

"Yes—on terms of the utmost advantage to my son; arranged with every possible consideration toward you. Is there any objection on your side?"

"Oh, Lady Holchester! is it necessary to ask me? What does he say?"

"He has refused."

"Refused!"

"Yes," said Geoffrey. "I don't go back from my word; I stick to what I said this morning. It's my endeavor to make you a good husband. It's my wish to make it up." He paused, and then added his last reason: "I'm fond of you."

Their eyes met as he said it to her. Julius felt Anne's hand suddenly tighten round his. The desperate grasp of the frail cold fingers, the imploring terror in the gentle sensitive face as it slowly turned his way, said to him as if in words, "Don't leave me friendless to-night!"

"If you both stop here till domesday," said Geoffrey, "you'll get nothing more out of me. You have had my reply."

With that, he seated himself doggedly in a corner of the room; waiting—ostentatiously waiting—for his mother and his brother to take their leave. The position was serious. To argue the matter with him that night was hopeless. To invite Sir Patrick's interference would only be to provoke his savage temper to a new outbreak. On the other hand, to leave the helpless woman, after what had passed, without another effort to befriend her, was, in her situation, an act of downright inhumanity, and nothing less. Julius took the one way out of the difficulty that was left—the one way worthy of him as a compassionate and an honorable man.

"We will drop it for to-night, Geoffrey," he said. "But I am not the less resolved, in spite of all that you have said, to return to the subject to-morrow. It would save me some inconvenience—a second journey here from town, and then going back again to my engagements—if I staid with you to-night. Can you give me a bed?"

A look flashed on him from Anne, which thanked him as no words could have thanked him.

"Give you a bed?" repeated Geoffrey. He checked himself, on the point of refusing. His mother was watching him; his wife was watching him—and his wife knew that the room above them was a room to spare. "All right!" he resumed, in another tone, with his eye on his mother. "There's an empty room up stairs. Have it, if you like. You won t find I've changed my mind to-morrow—but that's your look out. Stop here, if the fancy takes you. I've no objection. It don't matter to Me.—Will you trust his lordship under my roof?" he added, addressing his mother. "I might have some motive that I'm hiding from you, you know!" Without waiting for an answer, he turned to Anne. "Go and tell old Dummy to put the sheets on the bed. Say there's a live lord in the house—she's to send in something devilish good for supper!"

He burst fiercely into a forced laugh. Lady Holchester rose at the moment when Anne was leaving the room.

"I shall not be here when you return," she said. "Let me bid you good-night."

She shook hands with Anne—giving her Sir Patrick's note, unseen, at the same moment. Anne left the room. Without addressing another word to her second son, Lady Holchester beckoned to Julius to give her his arm. "You have acted nobly toward your brother," she said to him. "My one comfort and my one hope, Julius, are in you." They went out together to the gate, Geoffrey following them with the key in his hand. "Don't be too anxious," Julius whispered to his mother. "I will keep the drink out of his way to-night—and I will bring you a better account of him to-morrow. Explain every thing to Sir Patrick as you go home." He handed Lady Holchester into the carriage; and re-entered, leaving Geoffrey to lock the gate.

The brothers returned in silence to the cottage. Julius had concealed it from his mother—but he was seriously uneasy in secret. Naturally prone to look at all things on their brighter side, he could place no hopeful interpretation on what Geoffrey had said and done that night. The conviction that he was deliberately acting a part, in his present relations with his wife, for some abominable purpose of his own, had rooted itself firmly in Julius. For the first time in his experience of his brother, the pecuniary consideration was not the uppermost consideration in Geoffrey's mind.

They went back into the drawing-room.

"What will you have to drink?" said Geoffrey.

"Nothing."

"You won't keep me company over a drop of brandy-and-water?"

"No. You have had enough brandy-and-water."

After a moment of frowning self-consideration in the glass, Geoffrey abruptly agreed with Julius. "I look like it," he said. "I'll soon put that right." He disappeared, and returned with a wet towel tied round his head. "What will you do while the women are getting your bed ready? Liberty Hall here. I've taken to cultivating my mind—I'm a reformed character, you know, now I'm a married man. You do what you like. I shall read."

He turned to the side-table; and, producing the volumes of the Newgate Calendar, gave one to his brother. Julius handed it back again.

"You won't cultivate your mind," he said, "with such a book as that. Vile actions, recorded in vile English, make vile reading, Geoffrey, in every sense of the word."

"It will do for me. I don't know good English when I see it."

With that frank acknowledgment—to which the great majority of his companions at school and college might have subscribed without doing the slightest injustice to the present state of English education—Geoffrey drew his chair to the table, and opened one of the volumes of his record of crime.

The evening newspaper was lying on the sofa. Julius took it up, and seated himself opposite to his brother. He noticed, with some surprise, that Geoffrey appeared to have a special object in consulting his book. Instead of beginning at the first page, he ran the leaves through his fingers, and turned them down at certain places, before he entered on his reading. If Julius had looked over his brother's shoulder, instead of only looking at him across the table, he would have seen that Geoffrey passed by all the lighter crimes reported in the Calendar, and marked for his own private reading the cases of murder only.

BASE-BALL.

The New York admirers of this most manly and healthful of all athletic outdoor games were treated last week to the finest sport ever witnessed in this vicinity, in the series of matches played between the "Red Stockings," of Cincinnati, and several of our own most celebrated clubs. The "Red Stockings" came here with a reputation of little less than invincibility. They had not been defeated in two years. Their organization was splendid, their training excellent, and their confidence well grounded on a long series of triumphs over worthy competitors.

The first game took place on the Union grounds with the "Mutuals," a club with which the "Red Stockings" played a very close game last year. Then the score stood: "Red Stockings," 4; "Mutuals," 2; but this year the former had the game all their own way, and easily defeated their opponents, the score standing at the close as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Red Stockings......	0	0	2	3	3	2	4	2	0—16
Mutuals.............	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	0— 3

The second game was played the following day with the "Atlantics," on the Capitoline grounds, on Long Island. From twelve to fifteen thousand people passed into the inclosure to witness the sport; and we are sorry to say that the crowd was boisterous and noisy, and greatly marred the pleasure of the game for those who wished to look on quietly. The "Red Stockings" were not treated with the courtesy they had hitherto received, and for the first, and, we trust, the last time, partisan feeling was allowed to display itself on the Capitoline grounds, and to interfere with fair play. The "Red Stockings" conducted themselves like gentlemen, and played from first to last with pluck and spirit. But the Fates and the crowd were against them; and, after one of the most exciting contests on record, the victory which seemed to be within their grasp was wrested from them, and they retired from the field defeated, but without dishonor. The "Atlantics" played with great skill and precision, and there is no reason to suppose that they lent any countenance to the partisan proceedings of the spectators. The following is the score of this remarkable game:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Red Stockings.....	2	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	2—7
Atlantics..........	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	1	0	0	3—8

On the day after their defeat the "Red Stockings" played the "Unions," at Tremont, a very strong and well trained club, on whom they inflicted a Waterloo defeat, the score standing:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Unions.............	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0— 0
Red Stockings......	5	1	1	0	3	1	0	0	3—14

The "Red Stockings" followed up this victory by a defeat of the "Resolutes," of Elizabeth, in a very handsomely contested game, at the close of which the score stood:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Resolutes	1	1	0	0	1	1	0	1	2— 7
Red Stockings......	1	1	4	5	3	4	1	2	1—22

The fifth game was played June 17 with the "Eckfords," at the Union grounds. On neither side was the play very brilliant, and the "Red Stockings" won easily as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Red Stockings......	3	0	6	3	1	1	5	3	2—24
Eckfords............	0	1	0	1	2	1	1	1	0— 7

On June 18 the "Red Stockings" played with the "Stars," an amateur Brooklyn club, whose play was noticeably fine and plucky. The score was as follows:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Red Stockings......	2	0	3	1	5	0	5	0	0—16
Stars...............	0	0	4	0	1	6	0	0	0—11

Notwithstanding their defeat by the "Atlantics," the "Red Stockings" return from their Eastern tour with undiminished laurels, and leaving behind them the impression that, in the long run, they are a match for any club in the country. Our artist has given a spirited sketch of this contest, which must always be memorable in the annals of both clubs.

THE JEROME PARK RACES.

The close of the Spring Meeting at Jerome Park took place on Wednesday, June 15. The most brilliant race of the day was that for the Hunter's Plate, which derived especial interest from the fact that the noble animals contending were ridden by members of the Club. It was a handicap of all ages, two miles, and the following were the entries: "Rapture" was ridden by Mr. Beresford, "Pontoon" by Mr. Purdy, "Edenton" by Mr. Center, "Bohannon" by Mr. Elwes, and "Viley" by Mr. Hecksher. After one false start they got off nicely together, and after a very exciting race "Rapture" came in winner by half a length. The day was splendid, and the attendance was very large. Among the spectators in the public stand were Red Cloud, Red Dog, Brave Bear, Black Hawk, and half a dozen squaws. They did not appear to be greatly interested in the various events, and either dozed or fanned themselves lazily most of the time. They attracted much attention, of course, and were considerably annoyed by the crowd that pressed in upon them from every side.

A CHINESE DINNER-PARTY.

There are plenty of eating-houses of every description in every Chinese town and village, suitable to rich or poor, and abundance of inns and road-side places where a good meal may be had for man or beast. Knives and forks are not generally used, as the cook serves every thing cut up, and the Chinaman eats with his chopsticks, with which he contrives to shovel an astonishing amount of rice or other food into his mouth by holding the dish nearly close to the lips. All Chinamen like good living, whether rich or poor, and all who can afford it keep most luxurious tables, and entertain very liberally. The dinner-party is conducted with some ceremony by the fashionable classes; the invitations are written on the finest paper, silk, or satin of bright color, the rank and titles of the guests being punctiliously set forth; and the same etiquette is observed in the placing of the guests at table on the right and left of the entertainer, who can then offer them personally some of the dishes of the feast. Sometimes the dinner is served with small square tables to each guest; at other times at one large round table, and the dinner is *à la Russe*, as we should say, the table being ornamented with porcelain vases filled with beautiful flowers, either real or artificial, and other ornamental objects. When the host wishes to show any marked attention, he picks out all the choice bits he can from the best dishes with his chopsticks, and places them on his friend's plate. In return for this favor the guest endeavors to show his full relish of the good things laid before him by belching after each fresh dish he tastes.

A small cup of the finest tea is always the first thing served, and a tiny cup with a plate and chopsticks is placed before each person, when the servants, who are plainly dressed, bring the first course of shark's-fin soup, stewed sea-slugs (*biche de mer*), preserved eggs boiled hard and sliced, dried fish, meat cooked in various succulent ways, and stewed ducks. Many varieties of cookery follow, and sometimes, though rarely, the famous bird's-nest soup of the Java or Sumatra swallow, the costliness of this luxury placing it beyond the reach of any but the wealthy. It is, as most people know, the nest found in the cliffs and rocks; and besides the great difficulty and danger of procuring them, as the samphire-gatherer pursues his perilous trade, they require an immense amount of careful preparation to render them fit for cooking. Sweetmeats of every kind, ginger, almonds, oranges, leichees, pine-apples, guavas, bananas, peaches, are some of the nicest served. A wine is drunk, very much of the color of pale sherry, and the little cups are kept filled by the servants with this wine, the chill being taken off, out of small silver vessels shaped like an English tea-kettle. Most of the wine is known as "mandarin wine," and is made by fermenting rice; but there is a wine from grapes made in North China, but not in large quantities, and very inferior in quality. The liquor or spirit called "sam-shee" is strong, and distilled from millet seed fermented; it is highly intoxicating, and is also used in its finer qualities as a medicine. To take wine with one another is a mark of good-breeding, and it is done much in the same manner as we do—only the Chinese gentleman considers it a point of good manners to fill a bumper, and drain the cup to the bottom. The dining-room of a mandarin, or any other wealthy gentleman's house, is furnished with chairs and teapoys, and a centre-table, with two large massive arm-chairs; the upper third of the walls is of open carved wood-work filled up with oiled paper instead of glass, the doorway being covered by a screen or curtain of red cloth or silk, and at the opposite end is a raised dais with a miniature table with a red cushion on each side of it. The house always stands on a raised terrace, and has two court-yards at least, with a veranda, in which hang many lanterns of variegated colors, in silk, paper, and horn. In the outer court the sedan-chairs of the family are kept, and the chair-coolies are always waiting there to answer any summons.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A man with four wives was brought before a Dutch justice for commitment on a charge of bigamy. "Four vives," exclaimed the astonished Hans, "four vives? dat vas a most hinocious crime! Discharch him at vonst." "Why?" protested the prosecutor, "why discharge him when the proof is positive? Will the court explain?" "Yes, I eckseplains. Off he lif mit four vives, he got bunishment enough. I lif mit von, and I got too much bunishment already."

Cannibals—Ant-eaters.

Snoops says, if you wish to recollect a man's name, go security for his house-rent. For keeping your memory fresh, there is nothing like this plan.

In an old English primer the whole edition, by the omission of the single letter c at the beginning of a word in the third line, was printed as follows:

When the last trumpet soundeth
We shall not all die;
But we shall all be hanged
In the twinkle of an eye.

To Prevent Fish from Smelling in the Summer—Cut their noses off.

How to Develop the Imagination—Get the delirium tremens.

A would-be suicide at Cincinnati was pulled off the track before a coming train by a railroad man, who warned him against trying to "muss up the engine any such way as that."

What do opera-singers live on?—Roles.

A party of young men were telling what they would do were they shipwrecked far out upon the sea, and left buffeting with the waves without a plank to sustain them. Each one gave his opinion, excepting Paddy Murphy, who, after being asked for his, replied: "Bad cess to ye for a cowardly set of spalpeens; ye'd be all afther savin' yourselves, an' not thryin' to save anuther. Why it's Paddy Murphy that would swim to shore an' save himself, an' thin come back and thry to save anuther."

The following was copied literally from an old tombstone in Scotland:

Here lies the body of Alexander MacPherson,
Who was a very extraordinary person,
Who was two yards high in his stocking feet,
And kept his accoutrements clean and neat.
He was slew
At the battle of Waterloo,
Plump through
The gullet; it went in at his throat,
And came out at the back of his coat.

"Look here, Pete," said a knowing darkey, "don't stand dar on de railroad." "Why, Joe?" "Kase, if de cars see dat mouf of yourn dey tink it am de dépôt, an' run rite in."

A lady of the shoddyocracy at Des Moines found, on returning from a walk, some call cards on her table. She called a servant in great haste, saying: "John, John, take these and run, quick; them ladies is forgot their tickets."

Free Inquirers—Internal revenue assessors and census enumerators.

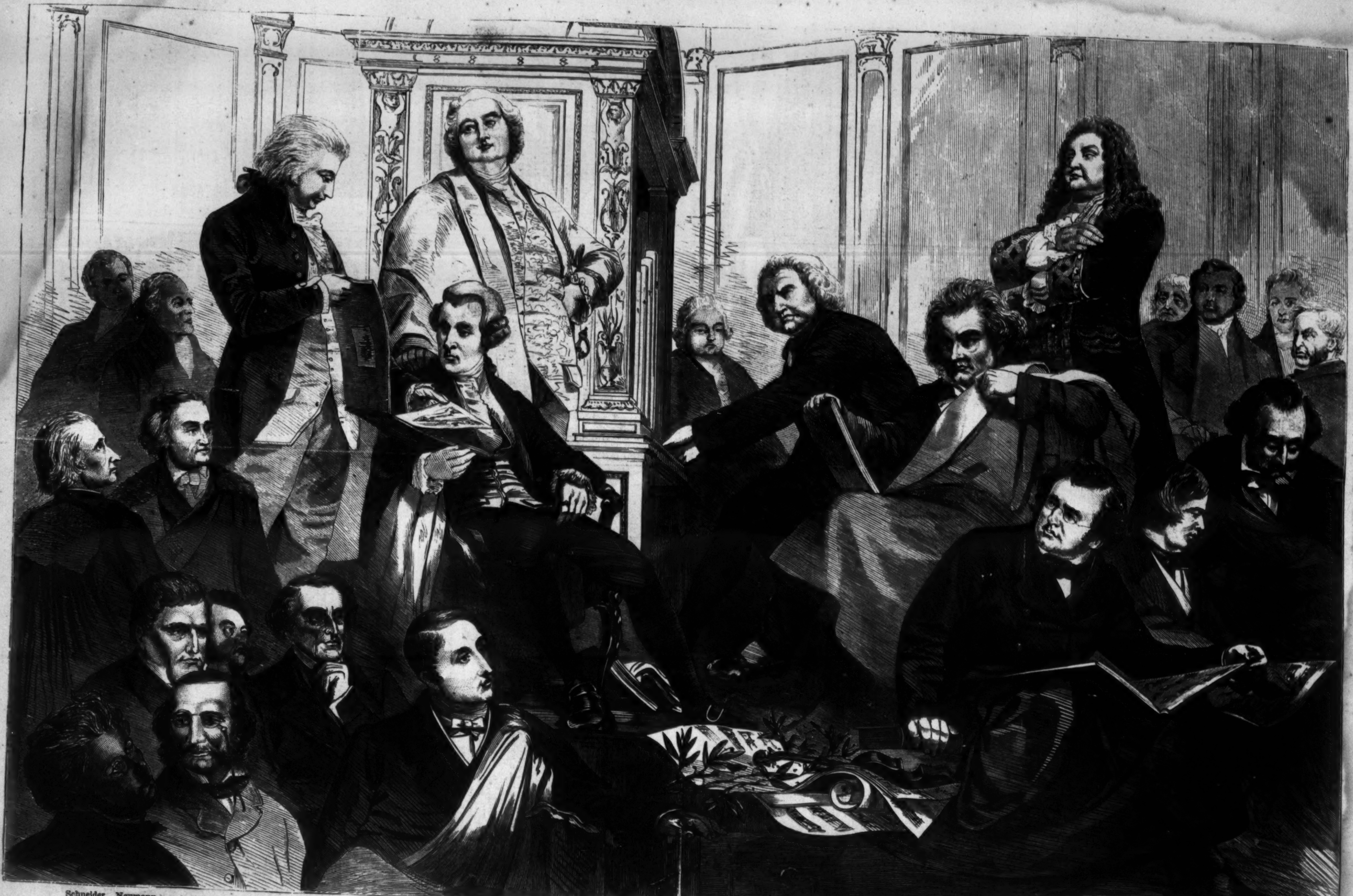
A colonel of a regiment which served during the rebellion for a short time met one of his men in the street a few days since, and, after talking over camp life, the former private said: "I tell you what it is, Colonel, the boys used to grumble about you, but they were ungrateful fellows; they ought to be thankful to you, for you always kept them out of danger, Colonel."

"Quite correct, my dear; the natives of South Africa do not require clothes to keep them warm, because they are Hottentots, don't you see? Coolies are a different sort of people altogether. So are the people of Chili."

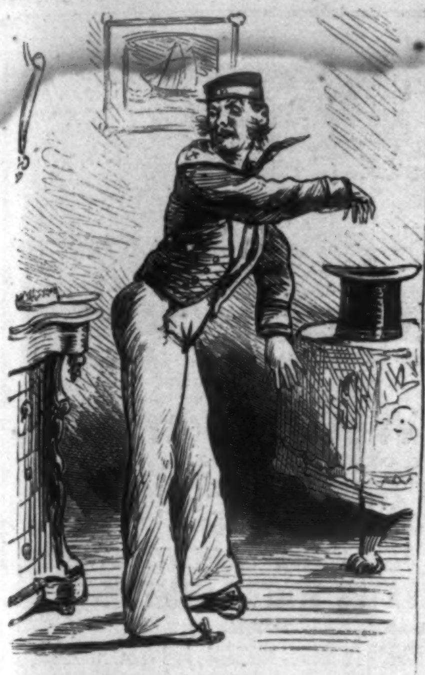
A youthful witness, on being asked in the Meriden (Connnecticut) police court, the other day, where he would go to if he told a lie, replied, "To the reform school." He was sworn.

An apothecary's boy was lately sent to leave at a house a box of pills, and at another six live fowls. Confused on the way, he left the pills where the fowls should have gone, and the fowls at the pill place. The folks who received the fowls were astonished at reading the accompanying directions, "Swallow one every two hours."

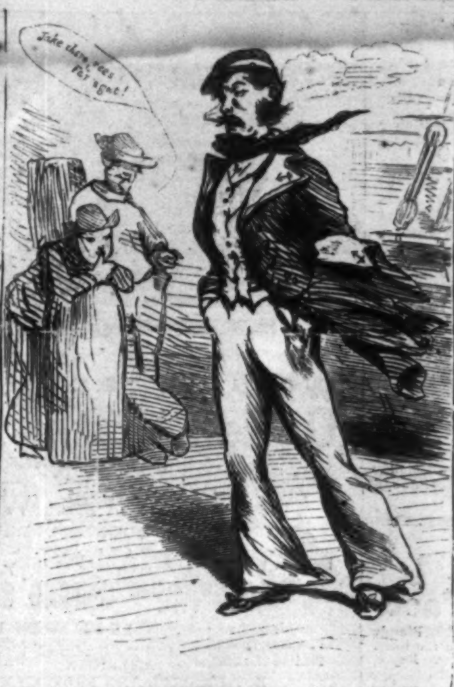
When a girl out West is kissed she looks surprised, and says, "How could you?" To which the swain replies, "It will give me pleasure to show you," and proceeds to give a duplicate.


Liszt.
Schneider.
Lanner.
Naumann.
R. Wagner.
Spohr.
Offenbach.
Reissiger.
Mozart.
Meyerbeer.
Gluck.
Haydn.
Weber.
E. Bach.
J. S. Bach.
Beethoven.
Handel.
Schubert.
A. Schmidt.
Schumann.
Hummel.
Romberg.
Mendelssohn.
Moscheles.

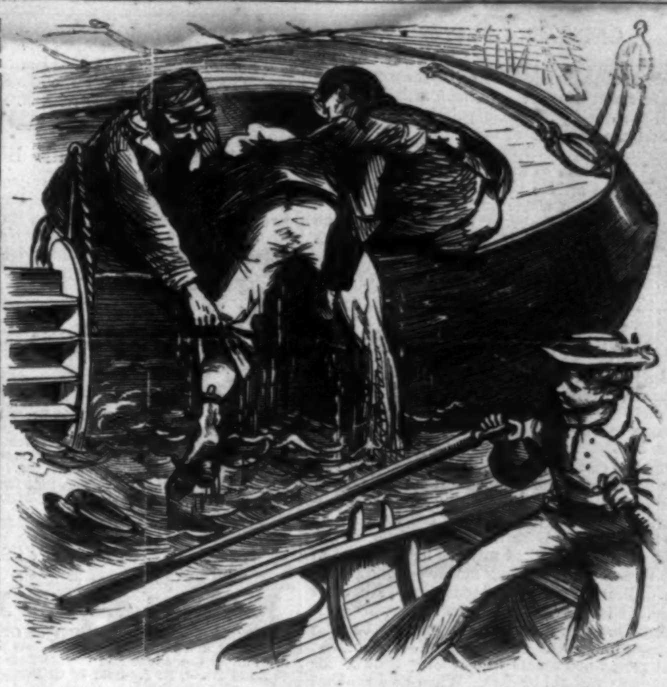
GREAT GERMAN COMPOSERS.—[SEE PAGE 430.]



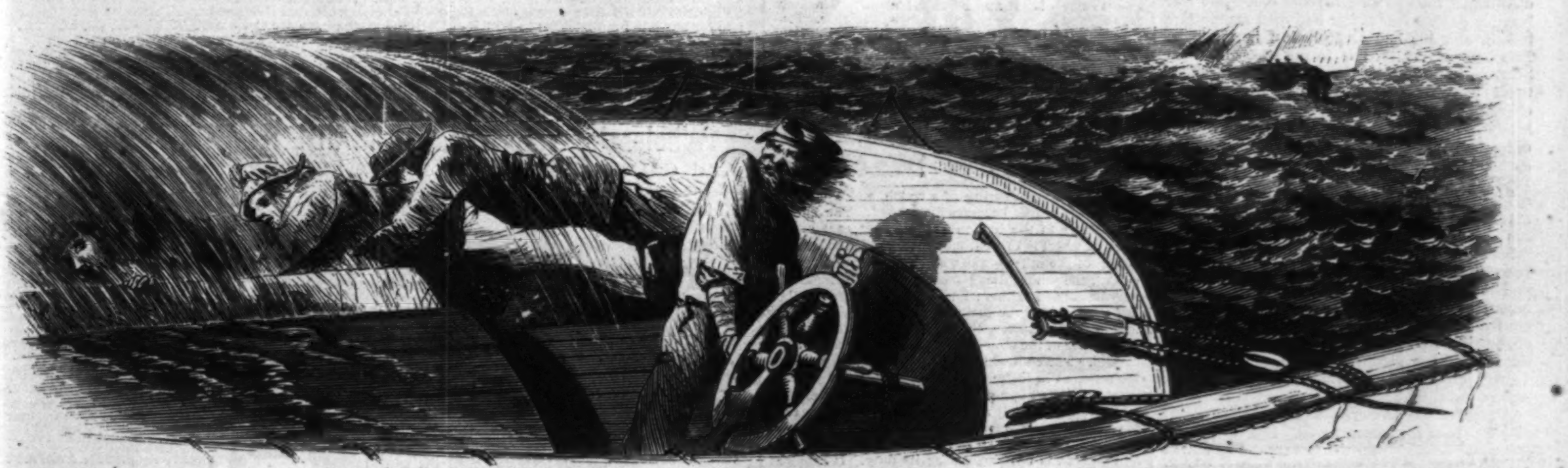
MR. DOLPHIN joins a Yacht Club, and tries on the Uniform.


Jibe there yees fer agat!

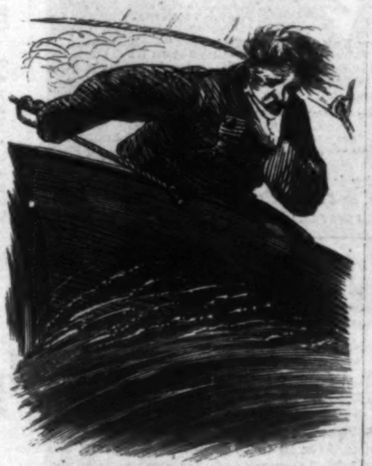
Having entered for the Regatta, he proceeds to join his Boat.



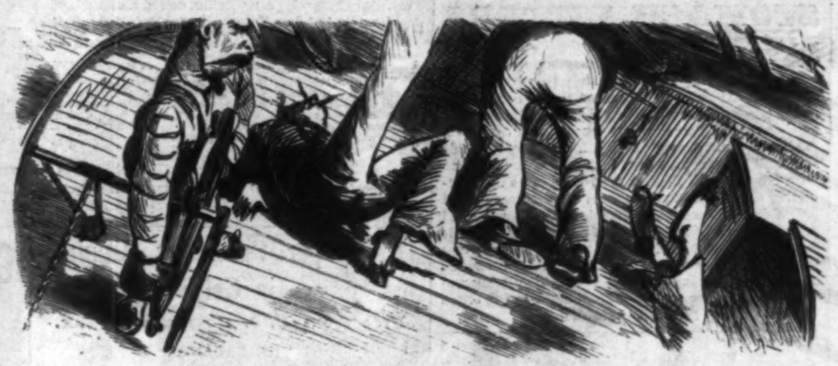
A little Awkward at first; but then he says that he has not got his Sea Legs on yet.



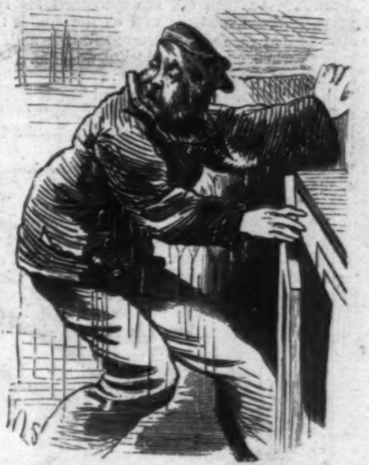
Off the Light-Ship they have a very Stiff Breeze. The Captain orders all hands to get well up to Windward and lie down. DOLPHIN every now and then Gets Washed. He wants to know if this is considered Fun.



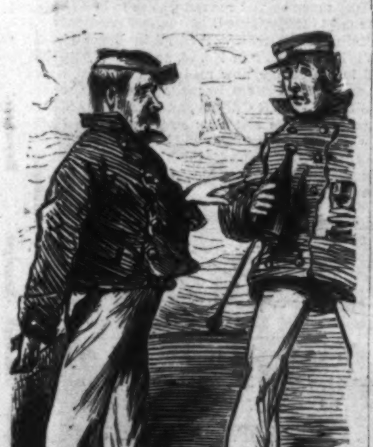
DOLPHIN'S Contribution to Neptune.



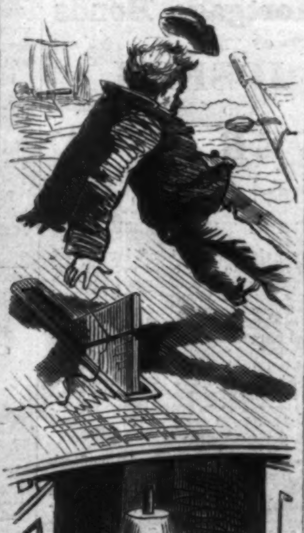
The Captain Jibes the Yacht suddenly. DOLPHIN and Friends assume different Positions. (To jibe a boat is to let the mainsail swing from one side to the other, which it often does with great force.)



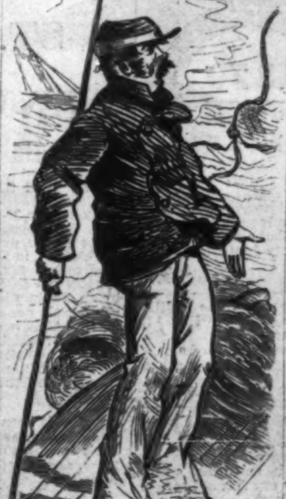
The Captain orders all hands to haul aft the Sheet. DOLPHIN asks if he shall haul one off the Berth.



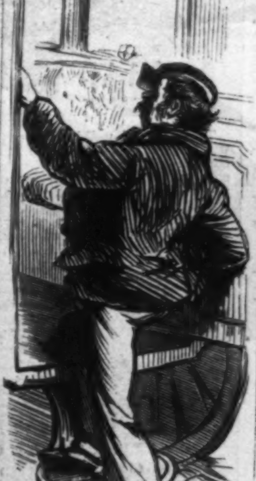
For the first time in his Memory, he is Forced to Decline.



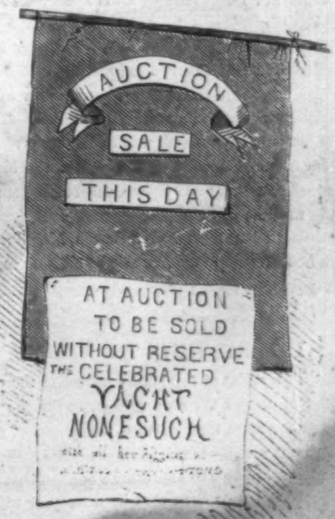
DOLPHIN incautiously sat down directly over the Centre-Board, which just then struck a Sand-Bar, and hoisted him.



The Captain requests him to Let Go the Jib-Sheets. He indignantly replies that he ain't Touching them.



Back to Port again. Thinks he will Ride Home.



Result of DOLPHIN'S Yacht Experience.

THE YACHT FEVER.

GERMAN COMPOSERS.

OUR illustration on page 428 is taken from a noble composition by W. LINDENSCHMIT, one of the foremost of modern German artists, slightly altered to bring the main points of the design within the compass of the page. It would be superfluous to dwell on the merits of a work which can speak so well for itself. The grouping and the artistic portraiture are admirable; and, either as a whole or in separate bits, the composition is worthy of careful study. The work is engraved for *Harper's Weekly* from a photograph of the original cartoon published by MR. THEODORE STROEFER, 859 Broadway.

SCARRON'S MARRIED LIFE.

IN 1646, when he was thirty-six years of age, Scarron, a cripple for life through disease and medicine, went to Paris. For three years before this he had been in possession of some clerical post at Mans, the duties of which, I suppose, some one else performed. Nor do we know why he gave it up. A lawsuit against his step-mother had turned out badly; but this was only a stronger reason, one would think, for keeping what he had. However, if he was poor before, he was now destitute, and had to work hard enough at his three ways of making money—writing poetry, dedications, and begging-letters. All these paid. His poetry brought him money, his dedications brought him pensions, and his begging brought him gifts. So he went on—the greatest and most importunate beggar ever known—for fourteen years, till he died. When he was about forty-two he made the acquaintance of Françoise d'Aubigné, then seventeen years old. She was horribly poor. Her father had died some years before, and she had recently lost her mother. Life looked very terrible to the poor girl when Scarron, out of the goodness of his heart, and a tender pity which she at least knew how to value, offered her all he could. He would give her a sufficient *dot* to enable her to enter a convent; or he would give her an asylum in his own house, as his wife. She chose the latter, and married the *pauvre estropié*. This marriage is the most touching thing in the life of Scarron. When the notary asked what dowry the bride brought, Scarron replied: "Deux grands yeux mutins, un très-beau corsage, une paire de belles mains, et beaucoup d'esprit." "And what settlement do you make upon her?" "Immortality." Perhaps the immortality that the wife of Scarron got from her first husband was paled in the eyes of some by that greater splendor which she derived from her second husband; for Madame Veuve Scarron became Madame De Maintenon, wife of the Grand Monarque.

As wife of the poor crippled poet, she performed her part of the contract well. She introduced order and decency into the *ménage*. She tamed the wild talk of the *salon*, and kept it within bounds, meeting the rough jokes of the unbridled wits with an *esprit* of her own that soon reduced them. More than all, she smoothed his last years, and softened, as well as she could, the agonies that racked his tortured frame; and, in an age when conjugal infidelity was the *mode*, she was proud enough to preserve her reputation. "Il n'y a rien," she would say in after-years, and under even more trying difficulties, "de plus habile qu'une conduite irréprochable." She was tempted by her frailer sisters. Ninon de l'Enclos took her in hand, but gave her up in despair. "She was too *gauche*," Ninon said.

His married life lasted eight years, when he died of a hiccough, on which he promised to write a very fine satire if he ever got over it. The hiccough, however, was too strong for him, and the satire was never given to the world. He had taken the precaution to write his own epitaph. Is it too well known to be quoted? Let us try it, at least, "newly done into English:"

> "No foolish envy waste on him
>   Who sleeps this stone beneath:
> Death's pangs he felt a thousand times
>   Ere yet he suffered death.
> Hush! traveler; let no footstep's fall
>   The sacred stillness break;
> 'Tis the first night poor Scarron sleeps:
>   Tread lightly—lest he wake."

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS.—*The superiority of these extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.* They are warranted free from the poisonous oils and acids which enter into the composition of many of the factitious fruit flavors now in the market. They are not only true to their names, but are prepared from fruits of the best quality, and are so highly concentrated that a comparatively small quantity only need be used.

JOSEPH BURNETT & Co., Boston, Manufacturers and Proprietors. For sale by all grocers and druggists.—[*Com.*]

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

"THE ladies of my family have had the privilege of using a GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine for more than thirteen years, and of comparing it with other machines esteemed by many, and now are able to express the opinion that they believe it is not surpassed by any other in use. Its durability, simplicity, and ease of management, combined with other qualities, render it pre-eminent in their esteem."—JOHN B. CLEMSON, D.D., Claymont, Del.

A NUMBER of MOORE'S RURAL NEW-YORKER (the great National *Illustrated Rural, Literary, and Family Newspaper*) will be sent free to every reader of *Harper's Weekly* who sends address to D. D. T. MOORE, 41 Park Row, N. Y.—[*Com.*]

RIVERS OF IMPURE BLOOD

Flow and vibrate through the systems of those tainted with Scrofula, Salt-Rheum, Barbers' Itch, Eruptions or Pimples on the Face, Roughness or Redness of the Skin, etc. STAFFORD'S IRON AND SULPHUR POWDERS cleanse and drive out all impurities, and effect an immediate and permanent cure.

Sold by druggists. 1 Package, 12 Powders, $1; 3 Packages, $2 50. Mailed free. Money sent at our risk.—HALL & RUCKEL, 218 Greenwich Street, N. Y.

A NEW ADVERTISING DODGE.—Every time a lady who uses fragrant *Sozodont* opens her mouth she advertises the article. The state of her teeth is a certificate of its excellence. No spot darkens their surface, no impurity clings to them, the cushions in which they are set are rosy, and the breath that swells through them is sweet as the breeze of June.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Pimples on the Face.

For Comedones, Black-Worms or Grubs, Pimply Eruptions, and Blotched Disfigurations on the Face, use Perry's Comedone and Pimple Remedy. Depot, 49 Bond Street, N. Y. Sold by all Druggists.

For Moth Patches, Freckles, & Tan,

Use "Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion." The only reliable and harmless remedy known to science. Prepared by Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 Bond St., N. Y. Sold by Druggists every where.

"JUST TO TRY IT."—Half a year only $1 50 for PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL—July to Jan.; or Fifteen copies for $15, and a copy of Harper's Weekly a year gratis. Address
S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

The Living Machine.

Injure the main spring of a watch, and every portion of the works becomes disordered. The human stomach is to the human system what that elastic piece of metal is to a chronometer. It influences the action of the other organs, and controls, to a certain extent, the whole living machine. The comparison may be carried further; for as the weakness or other imperfections of the main spring is indicated on the face of the time-piece, so also is the weakness or other disorder of the stomach betrayed by the face of the invalid. The complexion is sallow or faded, the eyes are deficient in lustre and intelligence, and there is a worn, anxious expression in the whole countenance which tell, as plainly as written words could do, that the *great nourishing organ* whose office it is to minister to the wants of the body, and to sustain and renew all its parts, is not performing its duty. It requires renovating and regulating, and to accomplish this end

HOSTETTER'S

STOMACH BITTERS

may be truly said to be *the one thing needful.* The broken main spring of a watch may be replaced by a new one, but the stomach can only be repaired and strengthened; and this is one of the objects of the famous vegetable restorative which for eighteen years has been waging a successful contest with dyspepsia in all climates. As a specific for indigestion it stands alone. When the resources of the pharmacopœia have been exhausted, without, at best, doing more than mitigating the complaint, a course of this wholesome and palatable, yet powerful, stomachic effects a perfect and permanent cure. In all cases of dyspepsia the liver is more or less disordered; and upon this important gland, as well as upon the stomach and bowels, the Bitters act with singular distinctness, regulating and reinvigorating every secretive and assimilating organ on which bodily and mental health depend.

LOOK AT THIS.—For Fifteen new subscribers to THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, Vol. 51, from July to Jan., at $1 each, a copy of Harper's Weekly or Beecher's Christian Union will be given as a premium by S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

PAIN KILLER
PROP.
PERRY DAVIS & SON PROVIDENCE R. I.
1840 1870

This old and well-known remedy has acquired a world-wide renown for the cure of sudden colds, coughs, &c., weak stomach, general debility, nursing sore mouth, cankered mouth or throat, liver complaint, dyspepsia or indigestion, cramp and pain in the stomach, bowel complaint, painters' colic, Asiatic cholera, diarrhœa, and dysentery. It has lost none of its good name by repeated trials, but continues to occupy a prominent position in every family medicine-chest.

Sold by all druggists. [*July* 2, 1870.

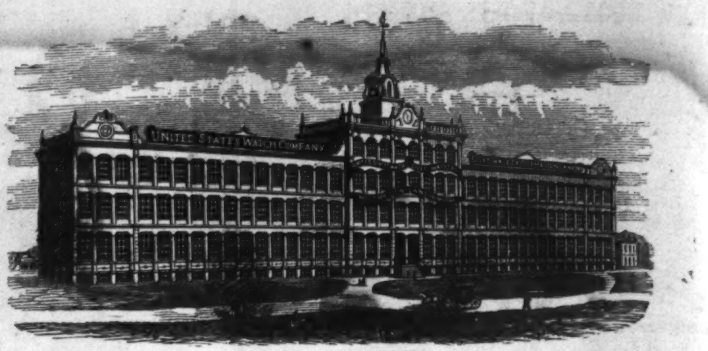
A DOUBLE MAGAZINE for the price of one!—THE PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL and PACKARD'S MONTHLY sent a year for $3; half a year, $1 50; or Fifteen copies for $15, and a copy of Harper's Weekly, Bazar, or Magazine a year gratis to getter-up of club. Address
S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED,

WITH A SMALL CAPITAL.

From $75 to $150 per week can be made with a capital of $40 or $50, without taking any risk of losing a single cent. For particulars, address
J. F. WILLIAMS & CO.,
561 Broadway, New York.

RIFLES, SHOT-GUNS, REVOLVERS, &c., at reduced prices, warranted and sent by express C. O. D., to be examined before paid for. Liberal terms to the Trade, Agents, or Clubs. Write for a price catalogue. Address GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, 179 Smithfield Street, PITTSBURGH, Pa. N.B. Army Guns, Revolvers, &c., bought or traded for.



253 Feet Front—Iron and Glass.

WORKS OF THE

United States Watch Company,

(GILES, WALES & CO.,) MARION, N. J.

GILES, WALES & CO.,

IMPORTERS, MANUFACTURERS & JOBBERS,

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, JEWELRY & SILVERWARE,

SALESROOM OF THE **UNITED STATES WATCH COMPANY,**

13 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK,

MANUFACTURERS of all the Grades of AMERICAN WATCHES, PENDANT WINDERS AND KEY WINDERS,

BOTH NICKEL AND FROSTED MOVEMENTS, WITH DAMASKEEN FINISH.

The finer grades all having three pairs **Conical Pivots, Cap Jeweled,** in **Gold Settings,** and accurately adjusted to *Heat, Cold and Position;* and all, even in the cheapest grades, have the STRAIGHT-LINE Escapement, with Exposed Pallet Jewels, and Hardened and Tempered Hair Springs; and for our late improvement in STEM-WINDING mechanism, we claim a *STRENGTH, SIMPLICITY* and *SMOOTHNESS* hitherto unattained in any other manufacture, at home or abroad.

Constantly on hand, full lines, all sizes, in Gold, Silver, Diamond Set and Magic Cases, Minute Repeaters, Independent 1-4, 1-5 Split and Fly-back Seconds, for taking three different times, for timing Horses, Artillerymen, &c.

☞ Price-Lists furnished the trade on application, inclosing business card. For sale by the trade generally. Ask your Jeweler to see the MARION watches.

Wholesale Warerooms, 13 MAIDEN LANE, New York,

And GILES, BROTHER & CO., 142 Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

☞ *Watch No.* 1089, *Stem-Winder—bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me from December*, 1868, *to January* 17, 1870, *its total variation being only TWO SECONDS in the entire time.*

New York, Jan. 17, 1870. *L. E. CHITTENDEN, Late Reg. U. S. Treas.*

WATCH No. 1064, STEM-WINDER,—Bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by me fifteen months; its total variation from mean time being only one second per month.
WILLARD DERBY,
Of Derby, Snow & Prentiss, Jersey City, N. J.

WATCH No. 1124, STEM-WINDER,—Bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by me seven months; its total variation from mean time being only six seconds.
A. L. DENNIS, Pres't N. J. R. R. & T. Co.

UTICA, Feb. 15, 1870.
WATCH No. 10,584, STEM-WINDER,—Bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by me twenty months; its total variation from mean time being five seconds per month.
Z. C. PRIEST, Ass't Sup't N. Y. C. & H. R. R.

WATCH No. 1117, STEM-WINDER,—Bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by me fifteen months; its total variation from mean time being only an average of two-thirds of a second per day. B. F. PHELPS, Con. N. J. Central R. R.

WATCH No. 1037, STEM-WINDER,—Bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by me since June, 1867; its total variation from mean time being only five seconds per month.
HENRY SMITH, Treas. Panama R. R., 88 Wall St., N. Y.

WATCH No. 1125, STEM-WINDER,—Bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by me fourteen months, six months of that time at sea, and in all the various climates of Europe. During that time and since my return it has not varied one second a week.
H. LASSING, Manager Knickerbocker Life Ins. Co.,
161 Broadway, N. Y.

WATCH No. 12,006, STEM-WINDER,—Bearing Trade-Mark "United States Watch Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by me three months; its total variation from mean time being only two-thirds of a second per day.
May 8, 1869. Judge CHAS. H. VOORHIS, Hackensack, N. J.

WATCH No. 12,012, STEM-WINDER,—Bearing Trade-Mark, "United States Watch Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by me six months; its total variation from mean time being only twelve seconds. GEO. LOVIS,
Gen'l Eastern Pass'r Ag't, Toledo, Wabash & Western R. R.

SUNBURY, PA., Feb. 26, 1869.
WATCH No. 1176, STEM-WINDER,—Bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by me three months; its total variation from mean time being only five seconds during that time.
HENRY DE LANCEY, Engineer Phila. & Erie R. R.

WATCH No. 1105, STEM-WINDER,—Bearing Trade-Mark "Frederic Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J.," manufactured by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by me eleven months; its total variation from mean time being only seven seconds in the entire time.
A. H. KING, 7 Park Place, New York.
Vice-Pres't N. J. Car Spring & R. Co.

UTICA, Feb. 14, 1870.
WATCH No. 2617,—Bearing Trade-Mark "Fayette Stratton, Marion, N. J.," manufactured by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by me twelve months; its total variation from mean time being fifteen seconds. I. VROOMAN,
Engineer N. Y. C. & H. R. R.

UTICA, Feb. 15, 1870.
WATCH No. 2291, STEM-WINDER,—Bearing Trade-Mark "Fayette Stratton, Marion, N. J.," manufactured by the United States Watch Co., has been carried by me eighteen months; its total variation from mean time being five seconds per month.
E. O. WHIPPLE, Con. U. & B. R. R.

BEWARE of worthless imitations with which the country is flooded. To avoid imposition insist on a certificate of genuineness from those of whom you purchase, and see that the words MARION, N. J., are engraved on the plate over the Main Spring Barrel. All others are spurious.

Eight per Cent. per Annum in Gold,

Free from U. S. Government Tax.

THE BALANCE

OF THE ISSUE OF

$1,500,000

First Mortgage Bonds

OF THE

ST. JOSEPH

AND

DENVER CITY

Railroad Company,

NOW FOR SALE BY THE UNDERSIGNED.

These are a 30-year sinking-fund bond, issued only upon a completed road, and bear eight per cent. interest in gold, payable on the 15th of August and 15th of February, in New York, London, or Frankfort, and are free from tax. These bonds are in denominations of $1000 and $500, coupons or registered, and secured by an absolute and only mortgage upon the line, including all description of rolling stock and equipments. This road is 111 miles in length, the largest portion of which is completed and successfully operated in the daily running of regular trains, the earnings of which are now in excess of the interest liabilities on this issue of bonds. Over

$1,500,000

has already been expended upon this road from Stock Subscriptions and Donations. The Company are entirely free from debt. We unhesitatingly recommend them, and will furnish pamphlets, maps, and all information.

Price, 97½ and accrued Interest in Currency.

W. P. CONVERSE & CO.,
No. 54 PINE ST., NEW YORK.
TANNER & CO.,
No. 49 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

W. D. WILSON & CO., 327 Pearl St., N. Y., furnish Printing Ink for *Harper's Weekly* and *Bazar.*

Cut Paper Patterns

OF SUITS IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

Arrangements have been made to furnish CUT PAPER PATTERNS of the beautiful Paris Costumes which it is intended shall appear fortnightly in Harper's Bazar. These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, from 30 to 46 inches *Bust Measure*, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, THE NAMES AND DIRECTIONS FOR PUTTING TOGETHER BEING PRINTED ON EACH SEPARATE PIECE OF THE PATTERN, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced.

Patterns of the STREET SUIT in Bazar No. 22, the VISITING SUIT in No. 24, and the WALKING SUIT in No. 26, are now ready, and the Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS and BUST MEASURE. *The same Patterns cost sixty cents in gold in Paris.* The whole set of Nine Sizes will be sent for $2 00.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Jos. Gillott

STEEL PENS.

American Branch of House,
91 JOHN ST., New York.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.
HENRY OWEN, Sole Agent.

WANTED, AGENTS—To sell the OCTAGON SEWING MACHINE. It is *licensed*, makes the "Elastic Lock Stitch," and is warranted for 5 years. Price $15. All other machines with an under-feed sold for $15 or less are infringements. Address OCTAGON SEWING MACHINE CO., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Pittsburgh, Pa., or Boston, Mass.

$5 to $20.—IMITATION-GOLD HUNTING-CASE WATCHES. Send for circular. JOHN FOGGAN, 79 Nassau St., N. Y.

NEW BOOKS OF THE SUMMER,

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ *Sent by Mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE. A Novel. By Charles Reade, Author of "Hard Cash," "Griffith Gaunt," &c., &c. *From the Author's early sheets.* With Illustrations.

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE.

HARPER'S OCTAVO EDITION of "Put Yourself in his Place." With all the Illustrations, including the characteristic Vignettes not to be found in any other American edition. Paper, 75 cents; *bound in Cloth*, $1 25.

HARPER'S DUODECIMO EDITION of "Put Yourself in His Place." Uniform with the Boston Household Edition of Charles Reade's Novels, and bound in Green-Morocco English Cloth, to match that edition. Illustrated. Price $1 00.

8vo, Paper, 75 cents.
12mo, Cloth, $1 00.
8vo, Cloth, $1 25.

☞ *All Harper's Editions of "Put Yourself in His Place" are Illustrated.*

THE HISTORY OF HORTENSE, Daughter of Josephine, Queen of Holland, Mother of Napoleon III. By John S. C. Abbott, Author of "The French Revolution," "History of Napoleon Bonaparte," &c. With Engravings. 16mo, Cloth, $1 20. *Uniform with Abbotts' Illustrated Histories.*

THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, Author of "The Bertrams," "Castle Richmond," "Framley Parsonage," "Orley Farm," "Small House at Allington," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 75.

YONGE'S ENGLISH-GREEK LEXICON. An English-Greek Lexicon. By C. D. Yonge. With many New Articles, an Appendix of Proper Names, and Pillon's Greek Synonyms. To which is prefixed an Essay on the Order of Words in Attic-Greek Prose, by Charles Short, LL.D., Professor of Latin in Columbia College, N. Y. Edited by Henry Drisler, LL.D., Professor of Greek in Columbia College, Editor of "Liddell and Scott's Greek-English Lexicon," &c. 8vo, Sheep extra, $7 00.

ANGLO - SAXON GRAMMAR. A Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Language; in which its Forms are Illustrated by those of the Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Gothic, Old Saxon, Old Friesic, Old Norse, and Old High-German. By Francis A. March, Professor of the English Language and Comparative Philology in Lafayette College, Author of "Method of Philological Study of the English Language," "A Parser and Analyzer for Beginners," &c. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

MISS VAN KORTLAND. A Novel of American Society. By the Author of "My Daughter Elinor." 8vo, Paper, $1 00.

CHRISTIANITY AND GREEK PHILOSOPHY; or, the Relation between Spontaneous and Reflective Thought in Greece and the Positive Teaching of Christ and His Apostles. By B. F. Cocker, D.D., Professor of Moral and Mental Philosophy in the University of Michigan. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 75.

BENEATH THE WHEELS. A Novel. By the Author of "Olive Varcoe," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

THE LIFE OF COUNT BISMARCK, Private and Political. With Descriptive Notices of his Ancestry. By Dr. George Hesekiel. Translated and Edited, with an Introduction, Explanatory Notes, and Appendices, by Kenneth R. H. Mackenzie, F.S.A., F.A.S.L. With upward of 100 Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 00.

MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN SCUDDER, M.D., Thirty-six Years Missionary in India. By Rev. J. B. Waterbury, D.D. With Portrait of Dr. Scudder. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.

BAFFLED; or, Michael Brand's Wrong. A Novel. By Julia Goddard, Author of "Joyce Dormer's Story," "The Search for the Gral," &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS. By An Old Boy. New Edition. With numerous Illustrations by Arthur Hughes and Sidney Prior Hall. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

SELF-HELP; with Illustrations of Character, Conduct, and Perseverance. By Samuel Smiles, Author of "The Life of the Stephensons," "History of the Huguenots," &c. A Revised and Enlarged Edition. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

DEBENHAM'S VOW. A Novel. By Amelia B. Edwards, Author of "Barbara's History," "Half a Million of Money," "Miss Carew," &c., &c. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. By John W. Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. In Three Vols. *Vol. III. just ready.* 8vo, Cloth, $3 50 per vol.

A BRAVE LADY. A Novel. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c. With Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL, and ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE. By Rev. John M'Clintock, D.D., and James Strong, S.T.D. With Maps and numerous Illustrations. To be completed in about Six Volumes, Royal 8vo, of about One Thousand Pages each. Vols. I., II., and III., comprising the Letters A to G, are now ready. The remaining Volumes are in progress. Price, per Volume, Cloth, $5 00; Sheep, $6 00; Half Morocco, $8 00.

PROMPT, HONORABLE, RELIABLE.

AGENTS WANTED in every city, town, and village, for the largest and most successful DOLLAR HOUSE in the country—ONLY ONE indorsed by the leading Papers and Express Co's of the United States. Our goods give universal satisfaction, our premiums to Agents can not be excelled, and our checks are free. Having two houses—Boston and Chicago—our facilities are unequaled, and our business exceeds in amount all other concerns in this trade combined.

☞ SEND for CIRCULARS and FREE CLUB to
S. C. THOMPSON & CO.,
136 Federal Street, Boston, or
158 State Street, Chicago.

GOOD READING GRATIS—Almost—THE PICTORIAL PHRENOLOGICAL, a first-class magazine, $3 a year, and Harper's Weekly, $4 a year, both sent for $5, by S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

MICROSCOPES, {Illustrated Price-List sent free on application.
T. H. McALLISTER, Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

The celebrated IMITATION-GOLD HUNTING WATCHES, "Collins Metal" (Improved Oroide).—These justly-celebrated Watches have been so thoroughly tested during the last four years, and their reputation for time and as imitations of Gold Watches is so well established as to require no recommendations. Prices:—Full-Jeweled Patent Levers, $15, equal in appearance and for time to gold ones costing $150. Those of extra fine finish, $20, equal to $200 gold ones. We are also making an extra heavy and extra fine watch, full-jeweled patent lever, equaling in appearance a $250 gold watch. For these magnificent watches we charge only $25. All our watches fully guaranteed by special certificate. All our watches are in hunting cases, gents' and ladies' sizes. Chains, Collins Metal, $2 to $8. Also, all kinds of Jewelry, equal to gold, at one-tenth the price.

The Collins Metal is the best imitation of gold we have seen.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The goods of C. E. Collins & Co. have invariably given satisfaction.—*N. Y. Times.*

One of the $20 Watches is worn in our office, and we have no hesitation in recommending them.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

TO CLUBS.—Where Six watches are ordered at one time, we send a Seventh watch free. Goods sent by express to all parts of the United States, to be paid for on delivery.

C. E. COLLINS & CO., No. 335 Broadway, cor. Worth St. (up stairs), **New York.**

THE

MERCHANTS Life Insurance Company OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE, 257 BROADWAY.

ORGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

Issues all kinds of Life and Endowment Policies on the Mutual System, free from restriction on travel and occupation, which permit residence any where without extra charge.

Premiums may be paid annually, semi-annually, or quarterly in cash.

All Policies are non-forfeitable, and participate in the profits of the Company.

Pamphlets containing Rates of Premium and information on the subject of Life Insurance may be obtained at the office of the Company, or of any of its Agents.

Parties desiring to represent this Company in the capacity of Agents will please address the New York Office.

WILLIAM. T. PHIPPS, *President.*

A. D. HOLLY, *Secretary.* HENRY HILTON, *Counsel.*
O. S. PAINE, M.D., *Medical Examiner.* C. H. KING, M.D., *Assistant Medical Examiner.*

Each Agent in direct communication with the New York Office.

Use None but
TRADE
MARK
OX AND
SHEEP
THE BEST!!

SOUPS AND BEEF TEA FOR THE MILLION.

Strengthening Nourishment! Economy in Housekeeping!! LIEBIG'S COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT, the same that received the highest prizes at Paris, Havre, and Amsterdam, and that is supplied to the British, French, Russian, Prussian, and other Governments. None genuine without the signatures of Baron Liebig, the inventor, and of Dr. Max Von Pettenkofer, delegate, on every jar.

J. MILHAU'S SONS, Company's Agents, 183 Broadway, New York. For sale every where.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK OF FOREIGN TRAVEL.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. Being a Guide through France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Spain, and Great Britain and Ireland. With a Railroad Map corrected up to 1869. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. Revised Edition: Eighth Year. Large 12mo, Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $7 50.

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK.

HARPER'S PHRASE-BOOK; or, Hand-Book of Travel Talk for Travellers and Schools. Being a Guide to Conversations in English, French, German, and Italian, on a new and Improved Method. Intended to accompany "Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers." By W. Pembroke Fetridge. Assisted by Professors of Heidelberg University. With concise and explicit Rules for the Pronunciation of the different Languages. Square 4to, Flexible Cloth, $1 50.

Harper & Brothers will send the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.

Taking the Oath.

ROGERS'

GROUPS OF STATUARY.

These groups, suitable for wedding presents or ornament, will be delivered, with all express charges prepaid, at any point east of the Mississippi, on receipt of the price, viz., from $10 to $25. Send for illustrated Catalogue and Price-List, to JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Ave., New York.

"HOME FOR INVALIDS,"

Established in 1847, by E. E. DENNISTON, M.D., at Springdale, Northampton, Mass. Number limited to 30.

References: Boston—Jacob Bigelow, M.D., Edward Reynolds, M.D., John Homans, M.D., H. J. Bigelow, M.D. Brooklyn—C. L. Mitchell, M.D.

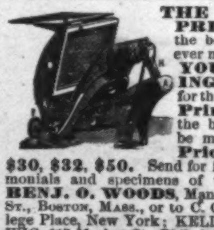
EVERY MAN HIS OWN PRINTER.

With one of our presses, and the material accompanying it, every man can do his own printing, thus saving much time and expense. Circulars containing full information about these Presses, prices, recommendations, &c., mailed free on application. Specimen-books of types, cuts, borders, &c., &c., 10 cents. ADAMS PRESS CO., 53 Murray Street, New York.

WHISKERS, MUSTACHE, or **HAIR** warranted to grow on man or boy in 21 days, or money refunded. Sent free for 50 cents. Address E. H. COLVIN, Hadleys' Station, Illinois.

SEND 50 cents and Stamp for the NOVELTY. Every body needs it. Address J. N. BURTON, Patentee, Griffin, Ga.

AGENTS WANTED—($10 PER DAY)—by the AMERICAN KNITTING MACHINE CO., BOSTON, MASS., or ST. LOUIS, MO.



THE NOVELTY JOB PRINTING-PRESS is the best and cheapest press ever made with which to **DO YOUR OWN PRINTING,** and is second to none for the use of **General Job Printers.** Incomparably the best present that could be made to a boy or girl. **Price of Presses, $15, $30, $32, $50.** Send for full Circular, with testimonials and specimens of type and printing, to **BENJ. O. WOODS,** Manufacturer, 351 Federal St., Boston, Mass., or to C. C. THURSTON, 16 College Place, New York; KELLY, HOWELL, & LUDWIG, 917 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.; A. C. KELLOGG, 68 West Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill. "The press gives entire satisfaction."—*J. A. Walker, Pensacola, Fla.* "Equal to any other press in its ability to do good work."—*American Union, Macon, Ga.* "Has supplied that long-felt want—a simple, strong, well-finished, and low-priced press."—*John Cussons, Glen Allen, Va.* "It does all that it is promised to do."—*Enterprise, McMinnville, Tenn.*

5000 BOOK AGENTS WANTED, for Harding's New Illuminated and Illustrated Editions of the

LIFE OF CHRIST and
BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.
Harding's New Pictorial Family Bibles.

The works are now ready for delivery. Address, for Catalogue of the best-selling Subscription Books published,
W. W. HARDING, Philadelphia, Publisher.

WANTED—Agents to sell a *thoroughly good domestic article,* wanted in every family. No competition. Exclusive territory given. Business very pleasant. Agents have sold 3 doz., netting $30 profit per day. One sold 350 in a small town, another 1000 in 5 towns, another 31 in calling on 33 families. Cost of outfit, $3. No danger of imposition. Best of references given. Send for circular, to 102 Washington Street, Boston, Mass. LITTLEFIELD & DAME.

JAPANESE CORN FILE

Removes Corns without pain. 25 cts. Sold at Drug and Shoe Stores. Trade supplied and samples mailed on receipt of price by the
JAPANESE CORN FILE CO., 34 Pine St., N. Y.

MISS MARIA J. McINTOSH lends her name to introduce a new author to the reading public.

VIOLETTA AND I.

By COUSIN KATE.

Edited by M. J. McIntosh. Neat Paper Book. Price 25 cents, by mail.

LORING, Publisher, Boston.

A GREAT OFFER!!

HORACE WATERS, 481 Broadway, N. Y., will dispose of ONE HUNDRED PIANOS, MELODEONS, and ORGANS, of six first-class makers, including Chickering & Sons, at *Extremely Low Prices, for Cash,* during this month, or will take from $5 to $25 monthly until paid. Instruments to hire.

A NEW VOL.!—51st.—Illustrated PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL begins with present—July—No., now ready; $3 a year, or $1 50 for half a year. Clubs of Fifteen copies, from July to Jan., only $15, with a copy of Harper's Weekly gratis. Address
S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

VINEGAR.—HOW MADE FROM CIDER, WINE, Molasses, or Sorghum, in 10 hours, without using drugs. For circulars, address F. I. SAGE, Vinegar Maker, Cromwell, Conn.

$250 a Month, with Stencil and Key-Check Dies. Don't fail to secure Circular and Samples, free. Address S. M. Spencer, Brattleboro, Vt.

$60 A WEEK paid agents in a new business. Address SACO NOVELTY CO., Saco, Me.

THE MAGIC EGG.—Agents wanted. Sample and terms mailed on receipt of 10 cents. Address W. EARL, 26 Laight St., New York.

$25 A DAY! 40 new articles for Agents. Samples sent *free.* H. B. SHAW, Alfred, Me.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JULY, 1870.

Contents:

THE VAUDOIS.
Illustrations.—Vaudois burned alive in Paris.—The Valleys of the Vaudois.—Martyrdom of a Vaudois.—Pope Pius IV. and his Cardinals witnessing the Death of Paschal.—Vaudois Women buried alive.—Thrown from Precipices.—Children torn to Pieces by Papists.—Impalement.—Heads blown off with Powder.—Blazing Ovens filled with Vaudois.—Pra del Tor.
THE OCEAN STEAMER.
Illustrations.—The Embarkation.—The Main Saloon.—The Engineer at his Post.—Taking the Pilot.—The Captain's Cabin.—Captain James Price.—The State-Room.—The Ladies' Cabin.—Quarter-Deck.—The Galley.—Fire-Room.
THROUGH THE WHEAT.
FREDERICK THE GREAT.—VIII. The Conquest of Silesia Achieved.
Illustrations.—Frederick's Interview with Valori.—Frederick and the British Ministers.—The Queen's Appeal to the Hungarian Nobles.—The King approaching Schnellendorf.—Map of the Second Silesian Campaign.
ME AND MY SON.
ABOUT WALKING-STICKS AND FANS.
JANE AUSTEN.
Illustrations.—Jane Austen.—Steventon Parsonage.—Steventon Manor-House.—The Church at Chawton.
A DREAM OF FAIRIES.
With Two Illustrations.
THE OLD LOVE AGAIN. By Annie Thomas.
Illustrations.—The Arrival.—"Let me tell you.... how I came to Marry as I did."
THE RUNNING TURF IN AMERICA.—(*Second Paper.*)
PROFESSOR HERON'S MISTAKE.
RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.
DID SHE DREAM IT?
ANTEROS. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone," etc.
FLIRTATION WITH THE MODERN CONVENIENCES.
THE HAPPY VALLEY.
A FLOWER PIECE.
RUPERT'S LAND AND ITS PEOPLE. By Randolph B. Marcy, U. S. A.
JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S LITERARY RECORD.
EDITOR'S SCIENTIFIC RECORD.
EDITOR'S HISTORICAL RECORD.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.

With the June Number Harper's Magazine entered upon its *Forty-first Volume.* Containing from fifty to one hundred per cent. more matter than any other monthly periodical, English or American, the Publishers have ample room to carry out their purpose of securing for its readers the greatest variety of matter. A glance at the contents of the present Number shows that, while all the old and established features which have made the Magazine so popular hitherto are retained, yet no subject of popular interest is excluded from its pages. Two Historical Papers; two of Literary Reminiscence; two treating of Social Life—in one case as seen on an ocean steamer, and, in the other, as found in an out-of-the-way valley among the mountains of Ohio; a paper on Rupert's Land and its People, and another on the Running Turf of America; two Serial Stories—one of them illustrated; three brilliant novelettes; Mrs. L. E. Furniss's pleasant social sketch of modern Flirtation; an interesting chat about Canes and Fans; and four Poems of characteristic force and beauty—together with the five special Editorial Departments—make up the contents of this Number, comprising an amount of reading matter larger than is contained in a volume of Macaulay's History. Regarding the literary excellence, the variety, and the attractiveness of its contents, and the timeliness of its occasional articles bearing on current topics, the Publishers of Harper's Magazine may confidently challenge for it comparison with its previous record, and claim that it is fulfilling the promises which they have made in the past.

TERMS for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

Harper's Magazine,	One Year......	$4 00
Harper's Weekly,	One Year......	4 00
Harper's Bazar,	One Year......	4 00

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, and Harper's Bazar, to one address, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00.

The Postage within the United States is for the Magazine 24 cents a year, for the Weekly or Bazar 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the Magazine, or 20 cents for the Weekly or Bazar, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the Magazine commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the Weekly and Bazar commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

When the subscriber's address is to be changed, both the old and new one must be given. It is not necessary to give notice of discontinuance.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of Harper & Brothers is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

Terms for Advertising in Harper's Periodicals.

Harper's Magazine.—Whole Page, $250; Half Page, $125; Quarter Page, $70—each insertion; or, for a less space, $1 50 per Line, each insertion.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $1 50 per Line; Outside Page, $2 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.